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THE LAUREL CROWN.

BY S. U. S.

When from the battle's carnage dread
The victorious soldier comes,
Arches arise and flow'rs are spread
O'er his path, while noisy drums
Proclaim glad notes of victory—
The vanquish'd warrior, not less brave,
Nay, perchance, e'en more brave than he,
Has naught to long for but the grave.

Alas, and must it ever be
The one who wears the laurel crown
Must always win our sympathy,
And be with honors loaded down,
Whilst looks of scorn and words of blame
The unsuccessful one await?
Ah, failure is not always shame,
And he who fails may still be great!

A GUILTLESS SIN.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "PENKIVEL," "OLIVE VARNOE," ETC., ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER X.—(CONTINUED.)

FOR more than an hour the feast of wine went on, and Estelle, with a beating heart, waited for the drug to take effect.

One by one the bandits dropped off, leaving only a single sentinel watchful. As yet he had refused the wine, because he knew the penalty of being overcome by it.

But Estelle was resolved that he, too, should succumb, and, with her prettiest smile and most winning manner, she said to him—

"Come, Pedro, won't you pledge me? See, my lips have pressed the cup. This is Christmas: drink and be merry!"

He would have been more than human if he had been proof against these blandishments; and he quaffed the draught, which tasted like nectar to him.

Another and another followed, each flavored with the touch of Estelle's ripe, dewy lips; and then his head sank on his rifle, to be followed by his falling to the earth senseless. Running to where Herbert stood, she said—

"Come, help me to pitch their rifles over the precipice. In an hour's time you will be a free man!"

There was no time to waste in expressions of gratitude, and the trio—Estelle, Dick, and Herbert—were soon busy in depriving the bandits of their arms, even to their knives, all of which were thrown into the deep glaciers, fathoms below.

Having each armed themselves, they started on their perilous journey, taking dangerous paths, which were rendered slippery by the combined action of frost and snow, guided by Estelle, who was favored by the brilliant light of the moon, whose rays fell with almost painful intensity on the whitened ground.

Mingling with the sound of bells came the howl of wolves, but they did not fear the latter, as they had arms, and could well defend themselves if attacked.

Every now and then they listened to hear if they were pursued, but the brigands were too securely locked in the embraces of the drowsy god to follow their betrayers.

They had descended half-way when, in rounding a mountain spur, Estelle caught sight of Beppo, who had chosen this track to return.

"Back, for your lives!" she whispered, "here comes my husband!"

"I'll have it out with him," muttered Dick, leaving his companions to fall back. "Curse him! he robbed me, and I'll be even with him this journey."

With his finger on the trigger, he watched and waited for the formidable bandit-chief, and, the moment he rounded the spur, fired; but, owing to his hands being nearly numbed, the shot did not strike its mark.

In a moment Beppo was grappling with him in a death struggle, and before either Herbert or Estelle could interfere, both antagonists fell over the precipice, locked in each other's arms, while still the convent bells rang out their message of peace and goodwill to all men, this Christmas Eve.

In silence Estelle and Herbert continued their dangerous way, the heart of each being too full to speak.

She was thinking of the man on whose breast she had lain, and who, in his way, after his fashion, had loved her dearly, now lying stiff and stark on the rocks below, and of the brave Englishman who had perilled his life to save hers and that of her companion.

Herbert, somehow, was glad, although he hardly knew why; only he felt that Estelle was nearer to his heart than she had been when he knew her to be a wedded wife.

On descending to the valley, Estelle said—

"Let us search if either of them still live. Granville is our friend, and the other is my husband."

He consented, and after some time had been spent in vain, Estelle discovered her quest.

Beppo was quite dead, a scowl on his handsome face; but poor Dick Granville still showed signs of life.

Placing his head on her knee, Estelle told Herbert to pour a little brandy into his mouth, under whose potent influence he revived and opened his eyes, which, however, had a slight film of coming death over them.

"Is that you, D'Aguilar?" he said feebly, "and you, Estelle?"

"Yes, my poor fellow," she said, with tears in her voice. "Courage, we are with you, and will have you conveyed to a place of safety. Are you better, dear brother?"

"Better—no; I'm dying, D'Aguilar, come nearer; tell your wife, Mary Larkins, that she was a free woman when she married me—I had a wife living; it will make her happy to hear that, and you too; lay me down in the snow. Oh! how sweetly those Christmas bells sound; perhaps the Saviour of all will have mercy on poor Dick Granville, the ne'er-do-well."

Estelle sobbed bitterly, and Herbert was much affected when their poor friend, a hand in each of theirs, breathed his last.

Estelle closed her husband's eyes, and Herbert did the same kindly office for poor Dick, and they left them both sleeping their last sleep, with the spoken resolve to return and give them a Christian burial.

So ended the seventh Christmas Eve since Herbert D'Aguilar had sinned with a grievousness that haunted him by night and by day, although time had lessened the pain of it.

Within an hour they were safe in an asylum, and kind hearts and willing hands attended to their wants, whilst outside carol singers sang the old familiar hymns and ballads of Christmas.

CHAPTER XI.

The villagers, following the directions given by Estelle, found the bodies of the men who had met their death, with the sweet convent bells ringing in their ears, as the sounds rushed through space into eternity.

In that secluded nook, in an Italian valley, overshadowed by the eternal hills, which were covered from base to summit with virgin snow, untrodden or polluted by the tread of man or beast, the lovers of old spent their Christmas, the roads being in a state to forbid of traveling for a week at least.

Poor Estelle looked sad and wan and grief-stricken, now that a reaction had set in, and there was no further need for a display of energy or courage.

Feeling that she owed a duty to the dead, to Beppo, who in life had been her husband, if a bandit, and to poor misguided Dick Granville, who all his life had been the sport of cruel fortune, she attended their funeral, accompanied by Herbert.

The villagers looked on in mute astonishment when the corpse of the notorious brigand was lowered into its last resting-place, for they had always looked upon him as a man-fiend, whom bullet or disease, or any such thing, could never lay low.

On that day, when young men and maidens made merry, and the aged looked on with quiet delight, a string of fierce-looking bandits, more like wild beasts than men in appearance, passed through the village, guarded by a strong escort of soldiers.

Estelle, knowing not of this, chanced to be at the window, when one of the gang caught sight of her, and raising his manacled hands, uttered maledictions against her, in which he was joined by the whole band, who, if they could, would have torn her to pieces.

Her face, blanched to the whiteness of death, and the peasants looked at her askance, for many of them had been in league with the prisoners, and shared in their unholy spoils.

"I'm afraid my life is not safe if I remain here," she said to Herbert D'Aguilar, "I must leave at once."

"Where you go there will I follow, Estelle; you have saved my life and given me back my liberty; henceforth I will devote it to your service," he said, in such an earnest tone, that the blood rushed into her face like a crimson tide.

"Herbert, we must part now for ever," she said, sadly; "you must be brave, and go back to your wife and child; as for me I am alone in the world; I have means in plenty, and need no help."

"Oh, Estelle, my love! what are you saying?" he cried, forgetting everything in the one passionate desire to be for ever with her, now that fate had thrown them together again; "do you think I had ever forgotten you in the years that separated us so cruelly? Oh, no! night and day your face haunted me, although outwardly I seemed attached to my wife, and home, and child; let us throw in our lot together, and be happy. I will give up everything for your dear sake."

And being alone, he threw himself on his knees at her feet, and clasped her hands, and looked up into her face with eyes that literally flamed with passion, which, repressed for years, now burst forth, threatening to devour them both.

Even her heart responded to his appeal, for she had never ceased to love him, but she had not forgiven his cruel desertion of her, without a word of explanation or warning, to do what—marry another woman, her inferior in every respect, a mere menial, within a few short weeks.

These thoughts surged through her brain, and at the very moment he thought she would be his for ever, she wrenched herself free from his clasp, and stood proudly before him, saying, with eyes that flashed with scorn—

"Rise! you ask me to sacrifice everything a woman holds dear, honor and fair fame—you, who first won the love of my young heart, and then threw it aside like a soiled glove—if there was not another man in the world I would not choose for a husband, let alone a paramour."

"Heaven help me. I deserve it all," he said, still kneeling, with his head bent low. "Oh, Estelle! if you only knew all you would pity, not blame me. I sinned for your sake, and Heaven, to punish me, sent another woman to take your place."

"Herbert, you terrify me; forbear—say no more," she cried, a frightful suspicion crossing her mind, like the hot poisonous blast of the desert.

"Estelle, I must speak; I murdered my aunt, because she said, unless I gave you up she would disinherit me. Oh, Heaven! I—I sinned, but how have I been punished; she, my wife, knew my terrible secret, and to escape the gallows I married her; your reproaches, your coldness, has forced this confession from me, on this day, when eight years ago, a little after midnight, the deed was done; give me up to justice if you will, for now that you scorn me, life is worthless. I cannot live without you, now that I know you are free; Granville did not speak the truth, she was his wife, and I am free, too, to make you mine."

And then, as the confession which he had just made flashed across his mind, he hid his face in his hands and groaned aloud in such anguish of spirit that it stirred her woman's soul to its very depths.

"I am mad, Estelle," he cried; "foolish, wicked to think that you could ever mate yourself with a murderer!"

"My poor Herbert," she said, as she laid her hand caressingly on his head; "I pity you from the bottom of my heart. I can see it all now. Oh! heaven has been cruel to you, to me; but your secret is safe with me. Rise; take courage; keep the fearsome thing locked tightly away in your own breast for the sake of yourself, your wife, and child and me. It would break my heart if you ever suffered at the hands of the law."

"I cannot live with your scorn hanging over me like a curse, Estelle—you who once loved me so dearly."

"And do still, Herbert; never have you been forgotten; such love as mine could have waited for years. It was you who were impatient. Oh! my dear love, my poor, sinning Herbert, would that I could say something to bind up your wounded heart! If we cannot wed here, I will wait for you in heaven, there to greet you. Pray earnestly to heaven for mercy, and let your life be active and devoted, and when you lay down life's burden heaven will not remember your sin, but He, who on this Christmas eighteen centuries ago sent His son to die for sinners, will forgive you freely, fully."

She raised him gently, and kissed him tenderly, saying—

"Herbert, we are friends again for ever. It was the thought of your cruel desertion that drove me mad, and I fell a prey to the first man who asked me to be his wife; but now that I know the truth I will never unite myself to another, but in works of charity will strive to live on in this world until He who calls over the muster-roll shall name me, and I will rise through death to life eternal."

"Estelle, you are an angel. In this little village where penury stamps all things, I have felt far happier than I could have done in a palace. Your kiss, chaste and pure as snow, will ever linger in my heart, and give me courage to live my life in patience."

"You have a wife to comfort you—one who knows of your secret, but loves you notwithstanding. Think of your child, and carry your crime to the grave, unconcon-

fussed to all save your God; you would not brand it with your guilt, Herbert?"

"No, Estelle, you are right; my death on the fatal tree would not expiate my crime. I will be true to myself and those who love me. Some day you will come and see my boy and his mother; she has really been a good, true, loving wife to me, Estelle."

"Heaven bless her, then, I say! She took my place in your heart by craft, it may be, but has worthily filled it. If you had married me the knowledge that I did not share your secret would have made you miserable and unhinged your mind. Heaven out of evil has brought good for you and for her."

"Estelle, you are indeed a true comforter. If I ever, in heaven's good time, should be free would you marry me?"

"I will answer that question when you are free. Root out all passion for me from your mind; think of me only as a dear sister who, if divided from you by oceans or continents, will still be with you in spirit to the very end. You will not upbraid your wife, Herbert, because the poor fellow spoke of his having deceived her; he spoke the truth—he would not go before his judge with a lie on his lips."

"Better still, I will only tell her how nobly a certain Richard Granville met his death in my behalf."

"There's my own true Herbert; and now we must part."

"So soon, Estelle? Let me be your escort; wait till the roads are clearer, safer."

"No, Herbert; heaven will be my best protector. If you give me an address I will write you of my safety, giving no address myself, for both our sakes; it will be better we two should not meet again."

"I have no right to ask it should be otherwise," he said, sadly, "but I would ask one favor before we part,"

"If it is in my power to grant, it is yours, Herbert. Heaven forbid that I should be cruel to you, my poor, stricken love."

"Will you meet us all next Christmas Eve at Thrift House and spend a few days with us?" he asked eagerly. "Somehow I feel that the curse of my sin would then cease if you, angel that you are, visited my home; will you, Estelle?"

"Yes, God willing, I shall be with you all at the desired time. Now good-bye, dear Herbert. You can kiss me."

He did, with as pure and chaste a kiss as if she had been his sister, and then bowing his head on her shoulder, wept aloud.

When he was calmer she left him, and a blank seemed to have fallen on his life; it was as if its sun had set for ever.

CHAPTER XII.

HERBERT was once more united to his wife and child, and received the congratulations of his friends on his lucky escape.

"They say the bandit's wife was quite a lady—an Englishwoman too; poor creature, I wonder what will become of her?"

"I owe my safety to her; she's a noble woman, God bless her!" said Herbert, reverently. "I heard her story from her own lips. She was not aware of his mode of life when she married him. Stranger still, she was a very old and dear friend of mine—a Miss Mordaunt."

His wife gave a start and turned pale, but his calmness reassured her.

"Why did you not bring her here, Herbert?" she asked; "I would so much have liked to thank her."

"She would not come, dear, but she sent her kindest love to you and best wishes."

It was a bitter thought that she would be indebted to her rival, the woman she had ousted, for her husband's safety, but she did not feel jealous; she trusted him as she would her life, little dreaming that a hurricane of passionate love had swept over his soul, nearly making shipwreck of his life and hers.

When they were alone he told her the whole story more fully than he had in the ducal drawing-room.

"She has promised to visit us next Christmas Eve, if we should be spared till then, Mary," he remarked. "You will receive her kindly, I know, as but for her I might still be languishing in prison on the bleak mountain top."

"Yes, Herbert. Does she still love you? Do not be angry; believe me I have a deeper motive in asking the question than is dictated by mere curiosity."

"If she does it is her secret, Mary, and as such is sacred to her. One thing I can tell you, she would not tempt me from your side; a nobler woman does not breathe. When I told her how good and true a wife you were to me, she prayed—'Heaven bless you!' Poor Estelle, my sin has caused her to suffer."

"Some day both you and she will find peace," she replied, with solemn earnestness. "But tell me, Herbert, what became of the Englishman, Richard Granville?" she added, with downcast eyes and a face whose pallor was like marble; "he brought me your letter, you know?"

"He is dead, Mary."

"Dead!" she gasped.

"Yes, a noble death, too; he saved my life and Estelle's by the sacrifice of his own. We were rounding a spur, when she caught sight of Beppo, and warned us back, but Granville faced him and fired, but ineffectually; then commenced a fierce struggle, a war of giants, in which it was impossible I could interfere. They both fell over the cliff; we found him at the base, an hour later, not quite dead."

"Did he speak? oh, Herbert! answer me truly, as you would your God. He it was, who, on last Christmas Eve—but no, I will not say more, except that he had a secret, which he offered to sell me—one that would make my mind easy, did he mention me?"

"Mary, I had intended to keep his secret as faithfully as you have kept mine. I know all; be satisfied."

"But I—oh, God! How can I tell you, Herbert; you will despise me for my deceit. I was his wife!"

"Not so, dear Mary; with his dying breath he told me that he had a wife living when he married you."

"Thank heaven, I have one sin the less to answer for," she said, fervently.

"Would that mine could be lifted off my soul," he said, bitterly. "Mary, sometime I think that heaven will not forgive me unless I make expiation, by giving myself up to the law."

"Are you mad, Herbert!" she cried, as she threw her arms around his neck and held him, as if she feared the officers of justice were at hand to tear him from her grasp. "You must never think of confessing; if you did, I would bear the blame and accuse myself or exculpate you. Oh, Herbert! I feel as if I had not long to live; my heart is suffering, let me have peace in your love till death comes. I thought I had sinned when I married you. Oh, my darling; you'll promise me to keep silent, for the sake of our dear child if not for mine?"

He pacified her with solemn assurances that he would take no step in such a serious matter without her previous consent.

Whilst he slept, being thoroughly worn out with fatigue, she lay awake, tortured by a secret which she had not the courage to tell him lest fury should come upon him and he, in his just wrath, should smite her until she died.

Before they left Italy, a marble cross was placed over Granville grave, with this simple inscription:

"To err is human; to forgive divine."

The words were chosen by Mary, who knew that one day she would need forgiveness at the hands of her husband far more than poor Dick ever needed it at hers.

Her health began to fail her visibly, and Herbert had the most celebrated physicians to attend upon her.

Their verdict was, that she had a very serious phase of heart disease, which might prove fatal at any moment unless she was kept free from excitement.

"Take me back to England, dear husband," she said; "back to Thrift House, where I first met and learned to love you dearer than my God."

Her slightest wish was law to him, and, accordingly, once more they were back at the old place, where the sin which seemed to follow him like his shadow first saw life.

It was in November, towards the end of the month, when they returned; and Mary's daily prayer was that heaven would spare her till Christmas Eve, when Estelle's promised visit would be made.

She had written the last page in her diary and had asked Herbert to read it all carefully through when she was dead.

"You will think of me sometimes, darling husband, won't you?" she said one evening, as she caressed his curly locks, which were silvered with white threads. "I should like you and Estelle to visit my grave sometimes, and put fresh flowers on it. I hope she will be kind to our dear little Herbert."

"Mary, how strangely you talk! Estelle will never be anything to me but a dear sister," he said in a pained tone.

"Why not? She cannot help loving you, Herbert, you are so kind and good. Besides, you know, I would like you to marry again, so that our boy should have a mother's care. I feel I could trust Estelle."

"Could I ask her to be my wife, knowing what you do? Mary, I must tell you the truth; she knows of my sin."

"She? How? Impossible!"

"It is true, because I myself told her of it."

"And she?"—this eagerly.

"Bade me look to heaven for forgiveness and promised to keep my secret."

"How long is it to Christmas Eve, Herbert?" she asked with a smile.

"Two days only."

"Thank God! I wish it were to-day, because she would be here. You are sure she will come, Herbert?"

"Yes, if heaven has spared her. Since the letter I showed you, in which she told me of her safety, not a single word have I heard of her whereabouts. But, Mary, you have talked too much; the doctors say you must not be excited."

"Never mind; kiss me, Herbert. I am so happy because Estelle is coming on Christmas Eve. We must make our home bright and gay to receive her. For once, we shall spend a very happy Christmas."

He could not understand why she should harp so on Estelle's coming, or wish her to take her place when she died, when she knew the awful crime which hung over him like the sword of Damocles.

Christmas Eve arrived at last, and Mary lay on the couch in the drawing-room, dressed in white, with only a flower in her hair, listening for the sound of carriage-wheels.

Her face was thin, her eyes blazed unnaturally, and a hectic spot was on each cheek.

"There she is?" she cried. "Quick, Herbert, or she may be too late to hear my confession. Oh! make haste, for the love of heaven!"

It was Estelle; and as Herbert led her in, a sweet, happy smile stole over Mary's wasted face.

"Dear Estelle, this is kind of you," she said. "I wish you a Merry Christmas in anticipation, and you too, Herbert. Please bring our boy to me."

This was done, and then she said—

"Herbert, I feel that to-night my soul will take wing. Oh, my darling, you are guiltless! 'Tis I who have sinned!"

"Mary!"

"Hush! Listen; Your aunt never took the draught."

"Oh, no! You only say this to comfort me, Mary."

"Would I dare to face my Maker with a lie on my lips? You may curse me, but still it is the truth. I saw you change the medicine, and, from your wild, excited manner, suspected something. I was with her when she died. It was awfully sudden—just a spasm of pain and she was gone. Then the evil one tempted me to do what I did, because I love you. I took the phial away, and placed an empty one in its stead. Here is the phial you intended for her" (taking it from beneath the pillow). "You know the rest, how I schemed and succeeded. I was in her bedroom when you gave that unearthly cry—oh! Herbert, say you forgive me! It was love that prompted the act."

"Dear Mary, say no more. I have suffered heaven only knows how much. I freely forgive you, dear wife."

"Kiss me, Herbert; I am so happy now."

He bent and kissed her thrice, not once. Then she took Estelle's hand, and placing it in his, said—

"Dear Estelle, will you be Herbert's wife and a mother to my child?"

"Yes, if it will comfort you and he wishes it."

"Thank God!" Mary cried. Then, starting up, her face radiant, she said—

"Hark! I hear heavenly music. Oh, Father of All, I come; take me to Thyself!"

* * * * * *

That moment her spirit winged its way above, and Herbert D'Aguilar knew on that Christmas Eve that for years he had been suffering torture on account of "A Guiltless Sin."

THE END.

THE fact that the new Lord Mayor of London traces his descent as a cognate from the Plantagenet kings serves to remind us that there are very numerous instances of many other people in England doing so, exclusive of forty-three peers who quarter the royal arms with their own. In many instances these people have fallen terribly from their high estate, as is the case with one Henry Plantagenet, who is a horseflesh dealer at the East End, and a Henry Tudor, who is a knife grinder at Richmond, yet their descent from those families is undisputed. The late Dr. Kenealy, Q. C., also proved his from Edward I. to the satisfaction of the heralds, and the families of Pottinger and Sneyd go back to Saxon kings, while the former, as late as the reign of William and Mary, were allowed to bear the title of Kings of Cork. The Luttrells, the Jermys, the Allards, and the Maliphants all trace back through the Bigots of Framlingham to Edward III., Earl de Bigot having married his grand-daughter, and, in fact, the many cases of English families with some drop of royal blood in their veins are "too numerous to mention."

Aunt Nem's Rubies.

BY L. E. B.

A WONDERFUL old woman was Mistress Naomi Lawrence, or Aunt Nem, as she was called in the house of her great nephew, where a room had been set aside for her use ever since she came home from India thirty years ago, and by the timely help of a large deposit saved the bank, of which he was the principal, from ruin.

At eighty Aunt Nem was as fully in possession of her memory and her senses as at fifty. Her hearing was not quite so acute, and she seldom left the cosy little sitting-room adjoining her chamber; but she took just as keen an interest in everything and everyone about her, and it rarely happened that some old friend or some member of the family might not be found sitting with her, listening to her stories of bygone days, or her shrewd remarks on the events of the present.

It was twilight. Aunt Nem, leaning back in her favorite chair, was basking in the ruddy glow of the fire; sometimes in shadow, sometimes with the flames playing fantastically on her delicate lace cap, still handsome features, and the slender hands folded in the lap of her black satin dress.

Crouching on the rug at her feet were two pretty girls, the twin daughters of Mr. Burton, by his first wife. There was a large family of healthy good-tempered boys and girls by his second marriage, and they all came to Aunt Nem and made her the confidante of their childish sorrows and pleasures; but the motherless Vida and Daisy had won the larger share of the old woman's affections, and it was generally believed that they would inherit the wealth she and her late husband were reputed to have amassed in the East.

"Yes, we are to go," said Daisy, in reply to one of her questions. "At first mamma said no, we had been out quite enough this winter; then papa said something that made her alter her mind—you know he will never have his old friends slighted—and so we are to go to Mrs. Solway's ball, and I wish we were not."

"Pouff!" cried the old lady briskly. "Don't tell me that. There never was a girl of our name that could resist a good floor, an excellent band, and plenty of partners! Pray, Miss Misanthrope, what has made you so ready to renounce the pomps and vanities?"

"It's because Daisy thinks we shall be so shabby," answers her sister for her. "Mamma won't hear of new dresses, and yet we want them badly."

"Nonsense, love; you'll never look better than in those white embroidered muslins she gave you."

"But how long ago?" asked Vida, with a grimace.

"Dresses we have worn at everything all through winter," added Daisy vehemently. "It's very well to say, as she did this afternoon, 'trim them up fresh.' We have already worn them with white, with heliotrope, and with pink; we are too dark for blue, and I am tired of amber. I say again, I had rather stay at home than go to such a house as Mrs. Solway's, looking positively shabby."

"When I was young," said Aunt Nem, "I never let the age of my dresses keep me at home, but trusted to my smiles and my nimble feet, to make my partners forget what I was wearing. Besides, there's nothing more becoming to young people than white muslin."

Daisy shook her head at the speaker.

"Oh, you naughty old lady, to set yourself in array against us! Do you think we forget that in your young days you used to shine in embroidered satin petticoats and lace flounces, with jewels in your ears and on your pretty arms, and, to use your own words, all sorts of fal-lals and furbelows. Sweet simplicity was all the rage in the romances, but it has never been attractive in real life."

"Flowers?" suggested Aunt Nem, but Daisy again shrugged her shoulders.

"Mamma says they droop so quickly, and are so expensive. She will only allow camelias for our hair, and I hate the nasty things."

"Terrible state of affairs," was the com-

ment. "How is it to end? Must it come to simplicity after all? You are too young to wear jewelry, or else——"

"Oh, no, no, Aunt Nem! Don't say that!" exclaimed Daisy, raising herself to clasp her hands about the old lady's knees. "I should dearly, dearly like for once, just once, to startle all beholders with the magnificence of my appearance!"

"Even though the trinkets were only a loan, eh!"

Daisy's eyes sparkled joyfully.

"Ah, now I know what you are going to do. You are going to lend Vida and me some of yours. I shall not mind the limpness of our muslins then. I have always had a longing to see the contents of that queer old Indian casket you keep locked so carefully; at least, ever since I heard mamma tell someone that you were as rich in gems as a Begum or a Ranee."

Aunt Nem looked amused.

"And you would like to load those little necks and fingers with the work of the Hindoo jewelers? It's a foolish fancy, love. Flowers are the fittest ornaments for young creatures like you, so be content with your camellias."

But Daisy would not hear this, and as soon as the lamp was lighted, Aunt Nem was coaxed into drawing towards her the casket of which she had spoken. To the delight of the excited girls she turned in the lock the little key hanging to her watch-chain, and began carefully lifting out the velvet-lined trays with which it was fitted.

The top one contained a set of filigree gold, at which Vida gazed longingly.

"I really think I should like to wear these, Aunt Nem; they are so very pretty!"

"Take them then, child; they were the gift of my husband on the first anniversary of our wedding day. I have a sone you can wear with them to make your toilette complete."

"As for you, Daisy," the old lady added, "you may have these pearls and amethysts or these crystals; either are quite simple enough to be worn for once without making you look particular!"

Daisy's choice fell on the crystals; she knew they would gleam their brightest on the crimson silk she now determined to wear. It had been altered and trimmed so often that not an hour ago it was pronounced a hideous thing, only fit for the rag bag; but who would notice its antiquity when worn by a brunette, in whose hair and about whose neck such lovely rock crystals were glittering?

"Before I close the casket, I suppose you would like to see my rubies; you may have heard of them?"

Oh, yes! Not many days since, mamma—as they called their stepmother—had been discoursing, in Vida's hearing, on the magnificence of the parure of rubies owned by Aunt Nem, a gift, it was reported, from a Ranee to whom her husband—she was the widow of an Indian Judge—has been able to do some important service.

Aunt Nem gave a sigh as she drew another tray from the bottom of the casket.

"Dear, dear me!" she said, "how many years can it be since these have seen the light? I take no pleasure now in handling bits of stones that only minister to woman's vanity."

Her little lesson was breathed in heedless ears. As she drew forth a necklet and bracelet of deep crimson gems that glowed and gleamed like liquid fire, Vida uttered an exclamation of delight, and Daisy let fall the case of crystals; they seemed to have lost their lustre beside these far more brilliant ornaments.

Around her slender throat she clasped the necklet, and sprang to the looking-glass to survey herself. There was a butterfly for the hair, and when that was pinned into its wavy masses, and the bracelet slipped over her wrist, Daisy felt almost startled at the right royal air the jewels seemed to lend to her naturally imperious beauty.

If Horace Falkner could but see her at this minute! And then she pouted and frowned, felt that her lot was a hard one. His sister were always well, and even expensively dressed, whilst Vida and she had really much reason to complain of the meanness of their stepmother. They were fond of their half-brothers and sisters, and willingly saved the expense of a governess by teaching them, but even papa, the most unobservant of men, when called upon to admire the new velvet frocks of the little ones, had asked why the elder girls looked so dowdy.

But someone was rattling at the door. Mamma wanted the tea. Why did not those girls come and pour it out!

"I will run at once," cried Vida, jumping up. "Thanks, Aunt Nem, for your loan. I'll take the greatest care of it. Don't be long, Daisy."

But Daisy, who was helping to restore the trays to their places, did not put in an appearance downstairs till the tea was nearly over, and Mrs. Burton getting vexed at the delay.

"Did you not know that Mrs. Robinson is here, and always likes a little music? what has kept you such a time?"

"Aunt Nem has been showing us her jewels," interposed Vida, "and Daisy stayed to help her put them away."

"Isn't it tiresome," said Mrs. Burton, addressing her visitor in plaintive tones, "that she will not be persuaded to send them to the bank? I often urge Mr. Burton to talk to her seriously. I shall never feel easy while she persists in keeping those rubies in the house."

"Are they so very valuable?" she was asked.

Mrs. Burton put up her hands.

"Don't speak of them to anyone, please! I'd rather no one knew that she has them in her possession. I have never seen them but once; she guards them so jealously."

"I suppose they will become the property of Vida and Daisy, by-and-bye," Mrs. Robinson observed, but seeing that the subject was distasteful to her nervous hostess, she did not pursue it.

After all, Daisy elected to go to Mrs. Solway's ball in her much-despised muslin gown. A little fresh lace, and the skilful use of a hot iron, had made it wearable once more, and their father was justly proud of his twin daughters when they tripped into the drawing-room, where he had been enjoying an after-dinner nap, but roused himself to bid them good-bye.

"Mamma not going with you? I forgot; she has taken the youngsters to a pantomime. Well, well, Mrs. Robinson will take good care of you. Don't stay late."

"You have not noticed my Indian ornaments, papa?" said Vida, throwing back her opera-cloak. "Aren't they lovely? But Daisy's quite eclipse mine. Show papa, Daisy?"

Apparently, her sister did not hear this, for she was hurrying towards the door, crying out that she could hear the carriage, and they must not keep their chaperon waiting.

Mrs. Solway rarely had to complain of her invitations not being accepted, and this evening her rooms were so crowded that another had to be opened to accommodate the dancers.

The sisters, therefore, were soon separated, and Vida only caught an occasional glimpse of Daisy, whose spirits seemed to be strangely excited. Perhaps it was because Horace Falkner had contrived during their first waltz to tell her how dear she was to him; perhaps it was because admiring looks and whispers followed her wherever she went.

"The child will have a bad headache to-morrow," said Mrs. Robinson, growing uneasy at last, and she gave the signal for departure rather earlier than she had intended.

"If you leave, I shall go too," said Daisy's lover, as he followed her to the hall.

"Are you serious?" she whispered. "It would be selfish of me to say I am glad, and yet——"

But her sister was calling, and Daisy dutifully followed her to the carriage.

"Mr. Falkner is leaving now," Vida observed; good-naturedly adding, "couldn't we take him with us, as our routes are the same?"

Daisy looked eagerly at Mrs. Robinson, and seeing her smile, leaned from the window to beckon to the young man.

He saw the little hand that was signaling to him, and joyfully accepting the proffered seat by Daisy's side, contrived, in spite of the rumbling and rattling over the stones to make her aware that he intended calling on Mr. Burton on the morrow.

But suddenly Daisy threw up her hands with a wild shriek.

"The bracelet—the ruby bracelet—I have dropped it! If it is not in the carriage, it is lost! It must have fallen from my arm when I leaned out of the window! What shall I do?"

"Was it very valuable?" asked Mr. Falkner, when the search instantly made in the bottom of the vehicle proved fruitless.

"Immensely so," answered Mrs. Robinson, for Daisy was half-suffocated with sobs. "I wonder Mrs. Lawrence was so rash as to lend such very valuable jewelry."

"She did not lend it to me," wailed the loser. "It was a set of crystals I was to have had, and she gave me the wrong case; I ought to have carried them back to her as soon as I discovered the mistake, but I was mad with an eager desire to wear the rubies, and so I held my tongue. How shall I tell her that I have lost them?"

"They may yet be found," said Horace Falkner, consolingly. "I will go back to Mrs. Solway's and offer a reward. I will leave nothing undone to recover them."

"They will not be found," said Daisy, despairingly, as she threw herself into her sister's arms; "I have lost not the rubies only, but the love that had just been offered me. I shall never see Horace Falkner again; he must despise the girl who, for the gratification of her vanity, could stoop to such underhand dealings as mine have been!"

Thoroughly over-wrought by remorse and terror, the unhappy girl had to be taken to bed as soon as she reached home, and for several days was too ill and miserable to leave her room.

Part of her prediction was verified. The bracelet was not recovered, but Horace Falkner did not desert his love because she was in trouble. On the contrary, by his sympathy, his tenderness, he enabled her to lift her drooping head, and nerve herself to the ordeal of seeing Aunt Nem, and enduring her reproaches.

It may be that her pale cheeks and tearful eyes softened the old lady's wrath; but certain it is that, after an attempt to look very stern, she gathered her weeping niece into an affectionate embrace, and forbade any further mention of the rubies on pain of her severest displeasure.

Aunt Nem died suddenly and painlessly during the absence of Mr. and Mrs. Horace Falkner on their wedding tour; and Daisy's first query on her return home was a very anxious one:

"Papa, tell me truly if you think dear auntie fretted over the loss of her jewels?"

"No," said Mr. Burton, decidedly. "I may tell you now that they were of no particular value. Excellent imitations of Balas rubies, that was all. I was threatened with ruin when she came to England and by her prompt aid kept my creditors at bay, till I could recover myself. She gave me all she had, but it would not have been sufficent if rumor had not magnified her wealth, and some chattering servant spread the tale of her trinkets being priceless.

"For my sake she would not let these reports be contradicted. While it was believed in the City that I could have the command of the immense wealth with which the world credited her, everyone was ready to lend me a helping hand or wait any convenience for payment. And so I tided over my difficulties, thanks to Aunt Nem, and now you understand why I always made my house her home; it was the only token of my gratitude she would ever accept from me."

"And the rubies were not rubies after all! If I had only known, how many hours of the bitterest self-reproach I should have been spared."

"And lost the lesson those sorrowful hours have taught you?"

This was unanswerable, and Daisy kissed her father's cheek.

"I did want a little more ballast," she acknowledged; "and the consciousness that I was acting a lie cost me so many pangs, that I don't think I shall ever forget it. Were all the jewels in the Indian cabinet mere shams?"

"No, but they were the simple, inexpensive ornaments worn by one who valued them principally as the gifts of her friends. You and Vida can divide them betwixt you."

But they did not, for Daisy refused to retain anything but the crystals she was to have appeared in at Mrs. Solway's ball. She never wore these ornaments, but kept them as a wholesome reminder of the night she adorned herself with Aunt Nem's rubies.

WHAT KIND OF REMEMBRANCE?—"Sitting, my friend, by the evening fireside; sitting in your easy chair, at rest; and looking at the warm light on the rosy face of your little boy or girl, sitting on the rug before you, do you ever wonder what kind of remembrance those little ones will have of you, if God spares them to grow old? Look into the years to come; think of that smooth face lined and roughened; that curly hair gray; that expression, now so bright and happy, grown careworn and sad, and you, you long in your grave. Of course, your son will not have quite forgotten you, he will sometimes think and speak of his father who is gone. What kind of remembrance will he have of you?"

Bric-a-Brac.

GAMES AND IDIOMS.—From cards are derived such familiar sayings as, "A card up his sleeve" (a clever, if not a very commendable, action), "a trump card," "to play your cards well," &c. From billiards we borrow "a fine stroke;" from cricket, "a good innings," and from foot-ball, "he has the ball at his feet." Many others will suggest themselves to the reader, the foregoing being just jotted down as they occur to the mind of the writer, by way of examples.

SMOKING.—Most people when they light a cigar do not put the lighted end into the mouth; but a strange practice may be said to be on the way hither. Colonel Knollys has taken a first lesson from the Kimberley Kaffirs, and has given an account of the experiment which is eminently calculated to excite the curiosity of those who run after new fashions. These interesting South Africans are extremely fond of cigars, but their habit is to smoke them with lighted end in the mouth.

FANCY NAMES OF THE PANSY.—Though there are lovelier and more magnificent flowers than it, yet the pansy may be regarded as a general favorite. It is for this reason, perhaps, that it has so many popular names. By some it has been called "heart's-ease," but this title rightfully belongs to the wallflower because of it supposed virtues as a cordial. There is no doubt, however, that in various times and places the pansy has been styled by the following curious budget of epithets: "Herb Trinity" (from its three colors), "Love-and-Idle," "Kiss-me-ere-I-rise," "Jump-up-and-kiss-me," "Three-faces-under-a-hood."

"CLOTH" AND "CLOTHES."—Dr. Murray has been puzzled about the origin of "cloth" and the plural "clothes" for garments, as distinct from "cloths." The etymology and even the primary sense of the old Teutonic kloth are uncertain. The former is probably to be sought in the Teutonic verbal stem kli-, klai-, to stick; but whether the name was applied to cloth as a substance felted or made to stick together, or to a cloth as a thing to be attached or made to cling to the body, is doubtful. The distinction of "clothes" from "cloths" is chiefly of the present century. The common eighteenth-century spelling was "cloaths."

GRATITUDE OF A LIONESS.—Dr. Robert Brown relates a most romantic tale about Campagnon, a French trader and explorer who flourished at the beginning of the eighteenth century. One day as he was returning to Fort St. Louis at the mouth of the river Senegal, Campagnon found a lioness dying outside the walls. The poor creature had been kept in captivity, but having been attacked by an illness in the jaw, that is usually fatal, and being unable to eat, she had been abandoned and left to perish. Though her eyes were shut and her mouth was full of ants, Campagnon, thinking he saw signs of life, washed her mouth with water and poured some milk down her throat. She actually got better, and such was the affection the grateful animal felt towards her friend, she would take no food but from his hands, and followed him like a dog up and down the isle of St. Louis.

A STRONG MAN OF OLD.—We hear a good deal about the "strong men" of today, but it may be doubted whether they could perform some of the feats achieved by the strong men of the olden times. Besides Samson there was Milo of Crotona, a town in the south of Italy that was founded by the Greeks, who had flourished five hundred years B. C. He is said to have run the whole length of the chariot race-course with a four-year old bull on his shoulders, and then to have felled the animal with one blow of his fist and eaten it the same day. He was once attending the lectures of the famous philosopher Pythagoras, when the pillar that supported the roof gave way. Milo held up the pillar while the people made their escape. He ate twenty pounds of meat, twenty pounds of bread, and drank eighteen pints of wine daily. He could stand so firmly on a quoit, oiled to make it slippery, that no one could push him off. However, his strength led to his death. Making no allowance for his growing years, he tried to split an oak tree in half that had been partly rent by wedges. Milo forced the wedges out, but the tree sprang together on his hands so tightly that he could not release them. Being thus imprisoned and unable to obtain help he was devoured by wolves.

THE BEST OF ALL.

BY S. E. K.

Three travelers met in the Brander Pass,
By the bubbling Brander Spring;
They shared their cake and their venison,
And they talked of many a thing.
Of books, and song, and foreign lands,
Of strange and wandering lives,
And by-and-by, in softer tone,
They spoke of their homes and wives.

"I married the Lady o' Logan Brae,"
Said one with a lofty air;
"There isna in a' the North countree
A house wi' a better share
Of gold and gear, and hill and loch,
Of houses and farms to rent;
There's many a man has envied me,
And I'm mair than weel content."

"Dream of a woman as bright as day,"
The second traveler said;
"Dream of a form of perfect grace,
Of a noble face and head,
Of eyes that are as blue as heaven,
Of flowing, nut brown hair;
That is my wife; and though not rich,
Oh! she is wondrous fair."

The third one said: "I have a wife,
She is neither rich nor fair;
She has not gold, nor gear, nor land,
Nor a wealth of nut brown hair;
But oh! she loves me! and her love
Has stood through every test.
Beauty and gold are good, but friends,
We know that love is best."

They filled their cups in the spring again
And they said, right heartily:
"Here's to the Loving, Faithful Wife?
Wherever her home may be."
And soon they took their different ways,
One thought in each man's breast;
"Beauty is good, and gold is good,
But a True Love is the best."

ALL'S FAIR IN LOVE

BY THE AUTHOR OF "A LOVER FROM OVER THE SEA," "HUSBED UP," "GWEN DALE," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER X.—(CONTINUED).

CONTRARY to his usual custom, Lancelot Tresham had gone straight to his own rooms at the termination of the theatricals at the Park, instead of making one of the masculine company of the smoking-room after the ladies had retired for the night.

No society was particularly congenial to him in existing circumstances, and the fact that Dick Seldon, true to his warning telegram, had put in an appearance just in time for the cold collation that preceded the performance of the tableaux, and had further made it sufficiently apparent once or twice during the evening that he considered Miss Carstairs his own peculiar property for the future, did not tend to any extra amiability of feeling on Captain Tresham's part, for, strange as it may appear, the small mortification of having been supplanted in the heiress's good graces by a man whom he never for one instant suspected as as a rival hit Lance's self-love harder than some of his really serious troubles.

In his impotent anger and mortification, he railed at every one in turn—at his uncle's unreasonable demands, at his own inability to comply with them, at his most innocent and absent wife, the primary cause, as he chose to consider, of all his present worries and anxieties, and finally at the hasty promise exacted from him and already repented of by Sir Geoffrey's secretary.

"I was a fool—a blind, insensate, impulsive fool ever to speak to the woman at all!" he exclaimed over and over again to himself, tossing to and fro upon his restless couch. "I have put myself entirely at the mercy of a designing adventuress, whose very dowdiness and sanctimonious airs are a mere trap to catch that conceited old dotard down stairs; and by this time to-morrow the whole of Cressmshire will ring with the news that I have been a married man these four years, and that my uncle has disinherited me in consequence and means to marry his secretary. A fine opportunity for duns to come down upon me then! Ruined and disgraced for ever—that's just what I am, I take it; and the sooner poor Cecily knows all, and prepares to face the consequences, the better. I'll leave her and the boy—of that I am resolved. They'll do better without me. I'll go out to the colonies and spend my time in the bush, sitting on a rail and counting sheep. It's about all I'm fit for, upon my soul, and, if this affair of my marriage get wind, uncle Geoff will stop my allowance out of sheer spite, of course. Well, I'll not tell him. Let him find it out for himself. I'll write to that woman to-morrow morning and let her know that I don't intend to speak to my uncle at present, and dare her to betray my confidence! She will consider it her duty. The whole thing ought to be put into a law court. Sir Geoffrey could never have been in his right mind when he proposed to her! I'll take my passage out to Sidney as soon as I get back to town if I can only raise the money. Perhaps Cecily can help me. Poor Cis! I always tell her she keeps a stocking. She made a bad thing of it with a vengeance when she married me. She——"

About this period Lance's thoughts began to grow a trifle hazy and indistinct.

Although usually a temperate man, he had, under the influence of the excitement and anxieties of the past few hours, taken quite as much champagne as was good for him, and this, combined with the unusual mental strain to which his naturally indolent and procrastinating temperament had been subjected, caused him to fall into a heavy troubled sleep, from which he with difficulty roused himself on feeling some one shaking him roughly by the arm and shoulder and shouting frantically into his ear.

"Lance—Lance! Wake! Wake, I tell you! The house is on fire!" called a ringing familiar voice.

Stupified, Tresham rose up in bed. Through the cloud of smoke that filled the room he could see nothing distinctly, but by the glimmer of the night lamp it was evident that some form—whether man or woman he could not tell—was near him, while the voice, clear, resonant, sharpened by terror to an agonized scream, was still unmistakably Cecily's voice—he could have sworn to it amongst a thousand, although, before he had time to grasp such an idea, his strange visitant had vanished, leaving him blindly struggling to find some garments and half suffocated by the thick vapor that came rolling in dense masses through the open door.

* * * * * *

The sound of the great alarm-bell pealing from the roof of Tresham Park and mingling with the clashing and clanging of the chimes in the village church steeple speedily roused the whole of the adjacent rural population of Cressmshire from their beds and brought them flocking to the scene of disaster, eager with their help, long before the fire-escape, hastily summoned from Brierly, put in an appearance, manned by the scanty supply of firemen available in so small and unimportant a township.

The absence of wind fortunately prevented the flames from spreading very rapidly; but the large amount of woodwork and oak-panelling within the building fell an easy prey to the foe, and crash after crash resounding every few minutes through the silent air, and mingling with the shouts of the men and the thrill treble of women's voices, made it evident that, unless the fire-engines arrived very speedily, little would be left of the grand old mansion but a charred and blackened ruin.

The scene outside was indescribable, illumined by the awful lurid light of angry flames bursting forth here and there, now through a window, now through the roof of the house, and flushing the dark sky for miles round with a sullen coppery glow. Furniture, pictures, curtains and carpets were flung helter-skelter upon the wet grass; plate-chests, boxes, portmanteaus, heaps of wearing apparel, piles of books, mounds of china, strewed the drives, lawns, and flower-beds.

Amongst this wild confusion of objects strange figures, with blackened faces and attired in every description of motley garb, rushed frantically to and fro, while in the thickest of the throng was Sir Geoffrey, carrying a stable lantern and attired in an extraordinary costume, consisting of a crimson brocaded silk dressing gown, a tall hat belonging to somebody else, and a pair of top-boots.

"Hang the crockery!" he ejaculated with great energy, stumbling inadvertently over a basket filled with the pieces of a fine Crown Derby dessert service, which some one had deposited as a species of pitfall at the corner of a convenient gravel path exactly in everybody's way. "What on earth's the use of saving plates and dishes when one won't have a roof to eat one's dinner under if the engines are not here directly? Shameful mismanagement! I'll write to the Times to-morrow! I'll——"

"Sir Geoffrey!" shouted Dick Seldon, rushing up at that moment with a visage grimed and blackened by smoke like any navvy's, his shirt-sleeves rolled above his elbows, Miss Tresham's fat Blenheim spaniel tucked, yelping and snarling, under one arm, and a great cage of foreign birds, fluttering wildly, in the other hand. "The ladies are all going over to the Rectory at once. There's no use in their remaining here in the dark and cold any longer. I will come back as soon as I have seen them off, and in the meantime keep every one at work clearing the house as fast as possible. If the wind rises, and the engines are not here soon——"

A loud crash interrupted him, followed by a brilliant volley of sparks rising into the dark sky. Some floor had evidently fallen in, for a sheet of flame leaped, as though suddenly liberated, through a window on the second story, and rose, meteor-like, high in the air.

"Is everybody out of the house? Mr. Seldon, are you quite sure? Oh, Geoffrey, that I should have lived to see this day!" sobbed Mrs. Tresham, tottering towards her brother, her hand resting on Lance's arm, a large fur cloak with a carriage rug on top of it enveloping her figure completely. "And to think I was speaking in joke only a few hours ago of the house catching on fire!" she continued. "It's surely a judgment on me, I'm afraid! How——"

"Sir," gasped a long-legged shock-headed stable-boy, rushing up at this minute and seizing Sir Geoffrey's arm with scant ceremony—"sir, there be some one in the house still! The fire has broke out in the smoking-room, just under the library! Me and Jem we saw the flames as we ran across the court with the hose from the melon house; and there's a woman all alone, standing on the balcony. She shrieked out to us as we passed. I think p'rhaps she's been forgotten and can't get down the stairs."

"Good heavens, the secretary!" exclaimed Seldon. He flung the dog into Miss Tresham's arms, dropped the bird-cage on the grass, and rushed off to the back of the house, followed by Sir Geoffrey and Lancelot Tresham.

The crowd, eager for a fresh excitement, went surging after them.

A terrific sight greeted them on reaching the quadrangle. The place was as light as day, lit by a sheet of flame pouring from one of the smoking-room windows in the lower story of the tower. Clouds of smoke rendered it impossible at first to distinguish any object distinctly; but in a second or so a breath of air lifted aside the curling vapor, and the woman's figure of which the stable lad had spoken could be distinctly seen, standing on the small stone balcony above clasping something tightly to her breast.

A hoarse murmur burst from the spectators, women screamed and sobbed hysterically, men shouted and ran to find ropes, ladders, shouts, anything to rescue a fellow-creature in such desperate peril. Seldon himself rushed up and called to her from below.

"Are the stairs burning? Is there any chance of our being able to get up to you?" he shouted.

"None," she called back in answer, every word ringing out distinctly in the clear night air. "The stairs were nearly impassable when I rushed up here some time ago. I thought I should have been able to return, but I hurt my arm, and it delayed me. I wanted to save the manuscript. It is here."

She leaned over the parapet of the balcony and flung a thick roll of papers tied up with a ribbon down amongst the listening crowd. As she did so, a broad jet of flame rose from the window just beneath, displaying every lineament of her set white face.

Seldon fell back, aghast.

"Who is it? A stranger? That's not—that's not——"

The sentence was never finished. Lancelot Tresham sprang forward, pushed him on one side, his arms flung above his head in horror.

"Cecily, Cecily!" he called wildly. "Great Heavens, how came you there? A ladder! Has no one a ladder? Merciful Providence, is she to be burned to death before my eyes?"

He covered his face with his hands and sobbed like a child.

"Fifty pounds to the first man who brings a ladder!" exclaimed Sir Geoffrey, waving his tall hat wildly round his head in his excitement. "But how on earth did that woman get up there? Who is she? Who is——"

He fell back, trembling, clutching his nephew's arm.

"Dorothy! Why, it's Dorothy! After all these years! Where has she come from?" he whispered, his eyes fixed upon the fair-haired figure standing on the balcony.

Lance shook him off roughly.

"My wife—I tell you it's my wife!" he exclaimed in a voice hoarse with agitation.

"Ladders! Here come the ladders!" roared the excited crowd.

Half a score of hands were held out, eager to assist in tying two short ones together. Alas, when joined, they reached little more than half-way to the balcony!

"A rope! Give me a rope!" cried Seldon.

A long one was quickly passed through the crowd to him. He tied a knot at one end and threw back his powerful arm.

"Can you catch this when I throw, and make it fast anywhere so that it will bear your weight?" he shouted to Cecily.

"Oh, I can't; I'm afraid I can't!" she called back. "I have hurt my arm; a piece of burning wood fell upon it, and it is useless." She pointed to her left side, where her hand hung limp and powerless.

"Never mind; catch it and do your best," shouted Dick encouragingly.

Lance was beyond speaking.

The rope, sent with a swift unerring aim, sped like a rocket through the air, the end falling curled round inside the balcony. Mrs. Tresham snatched it up, and passed it through part of the open stone-work edge.

As she did so a volume of smoke burst through the window behind her; the fire had penetrated through the flooring of her room from the smoking-room beneath. She shuddered and swayed helplessly to one side as she glanced behind her and realized what had happened.

"Don't faint, Cecil—don't! For your child's sake, be brave and try to tie the rope; we shall reach you directly," called Lance in wild distress.

"I won't faint; but I can't tie with one hand," she cried frantically. "Oh, Lance dear, don't mind so much!"

She was leaning over the balcony now, and speaking as though she and her husband were alone together, instead of the centre of vital interest to a couple of hundred spectators.

"I did wrong—I see it now; but I wanted so to come and try to make Sir Geoffrey like me. Everybody will know it was not your fault, and you will fetch Tots and let them all see him. Don't let him forget. Tell him—tell him his mother——"

A long sudden jet of flame came twisting round the wood-work of the window behind her. Something between a groan and a sob burst from the spectators; a woman's scream, loud and agonized, rang again and again through the air. Polly Carstairs, below in the crowd, was like a demented creature.

"Oh, Dick, Dick, can't you save her? You must—you must!" she shrieked, wildly clinging to Seldon's arm.

"Stand back!" he shouted, shaking her off. "Make way there! Some one hold the ladders firmly."

He had his foot on the lowest step, when Lancelot rushed up and seized his arm.

"Let me! She's my wife; I ought to save her!" he cried passionately.

Seldon put him aside with one sweep of his hand.

"While we are disputing, we shall lose her," he said, with dogged determination. "I'm a head and shoulders taller than you and ten times stronger besides. Now, men, steady!"

He was up the ladder in a minute and standing on the topmost rung. When there his unusual height brought the top of his head just on a level with the bottom of the balcony. Flame and smoke poured from the smoking-room window beneath him; smoke, but only an occasional flame as yet, issued from the window behind Cecily.

"There's not an instant to lose. Lean as far as you can, and give me your hands, Mrs. Tresham," said Seldon peremptorily.

Without a word Cecily obeyed; but, alas, only one hand was available! Dick raised himself cautiously on his toes, and, with every muscle of his immense frame strained to its utmost limit, managed to grasp a portion of her clothing.

"Now get over the balcony as though it were a stile; reach down and put your arm round my neck," he continued, bending his head forward to make it easier for her. She shuddered, glanced down and closed her eyes.

"Oh, I cannot! You could never bear my weight; the ladder would break! You'd better go down again and leave me," she sobbed hysterically.

A shout of encouragement rose from the crowd.

"Now!" cried Seldon.

"It's your last chance! Good Heaven, woman, the ladder will catch fire in another minute!" screamed Sir Geoffrey, in a state of frantic excitement.

"Now," said Seldon again, commandingly.

His perfect calm in so desperate a situation, acted like a charm upon Cecily's excitable temperament. Like a child she obeyed him. A breathless silence reigned amongst the spectators below as she climbed over the balcony, and leaned down lower, and lower still, until her arm was clasped around Dick's powerful neck, the frail ladders creaking and trembling with the strain put upon them. But it changed quickly to a shout of triumph, as Mrs. Tresham's preserver succeeded in getting a really firm hold on the swaying figure, and half swung, half dragged it with him down the ladder, safely on to the ground.

CHAPTER XI.

AND to think how blind we were, and how thoroughly you contrived to take us all in! I shall never pride myself on my powers of penetration again," said Polly Carstairs in rather a crestfallen tone.

It was about four o'clock in the afternoon, and she was seated beside a huge old-fashioned chints-covered sofa in one of the principal bed-rooms of the Black Bear, the only hostelry of which the little town of Brierly could boast.

Cecily Tresham was the occupant of the sofa. The events of the fire at Tresham Park and her own rescue from a position of imminent peril by Dick Seldon's heroic conduct were almost a fortnight old; but the injury she had sustained to her arm, which had been badly burned by a piece of charred wood falling upon it, had rendered her a close prisoner under the doctor's hand ever since the accident, and this was the first day on which he had permitted her to leave her bed. In the hurry and confusion that had followed the extraordinary denouement of Lancelot Tresham's marriage and the presence of his wife in disguise beneath Sir Geoffrey's roof, Miss Carstairs had come to the front and acted with a forethought and wisdom for which those concerned could hardly feel sufficiently grateful. She it was who promptly negatived the idea of transporting poor unconscious Cecily to the Rectory, which was placed at the disposal of all the inmates of Tresham Park, or, at any rate, of as many of them as could be squeezed within its hospitable walls.

"Don't you see it would be enough to send the poor dear into a nervous fever, to find herself in the same house with your uncle and aunt before she knows how they mean to treat her—to say nothing of Sir Geoffrey's incessant explosions rousing the echoes half-a-dozen times a day?" she whispered energetically into Lance's ear, while old Symes, the parish doctor, who, with all the rest of the inhabitants of the village, has arrived on the scene, was busily improvising a stretcher on which the recumbent figure of Mrs. Tresham could be easily carried from the Park to some place of refuge. Some one had produced a door, hastily torn off its hinges, and now, with the addition of some shawls and pillows heaped upon it by half a score of willing helpers, made a sufficiently easy ambulance, which every man and boy in the place was only too eager to share the honor of carrying. In her Quixotic efforts to save old Sir Geoffrey's treasured MSS., poor Cecily had without doubt constituted herself the heroine of the hour.

"Assert your independence and have your wife carried to the Bear. I mean to go there myself, and I will stay and nurse her," continued Polly energetically.

The Rectory carriage had driven up at that moment, and Sir Geoffrey, panting and puffing, with an assumption of dignity rendered utter ludicrous by the motley garb in which he was attired, advanced hurriedly towards the little group gathered round Cecily.

"Your aunt is anxious to start at once," he said, addressing Lance with marked stiffness. "If—if this young person is—is injured——" He glanced for an instant at the white unconscious face and disordered ruddy tresses of his stranger niece, then instantly averted his eyes. "If she is hurt, the sooner she gets away from here the better. There is plenty of room in the carriage. I myself shall prefer to walk. I——" he paused, interrupted by a peal of laughter from Polly Carstairs.

"I must laugh—I must, or I shall cry!" she exclaimed hysterically. "For goodness' sake, Sir Geoffrey, don't talk of walking anywhere except to Bedlam dressed like that! Mrs. Tresham"—she laid a marked stress upon the name, and the bystanders, who were at a loss to understand the mystery that has arisen, exchanged meaning glances with each other—"Mrs. Tresham is to be taken to the Bear; Captain Tresham had just decided so"—with a warning pressure on Lancelot's foot as he stood silent and half dazed beside her. "It won't take more than twenty minutes to carry her there; and, as I intend to help to nurse her, Captain Tresham and I will step on in front and arrange about rooms being prepared. As for you, Sir Geoffrey, if you don't want to be bent double with rheumatism to-morrow, take my advice and get into the Rectory carriage at once."

"Ay, and drink a good tumblerful of whiskey toddy when you get there, sir," exclaimed Seldon, who just then hurried up. "You can do no good by remaining here, and you may rely upon our saving as much of your property as possible. I have just organized a fatigue party for carrying all pictures and furniture to the coach house, and I dare say you will find, when the confusion is over, there is not so much damage, after all."

He drew the old Baronet's arm good-naturedly through his own as he finished speaking; and, at a sign from Doctor Symes, a couple of men gently raised the stretcher on which Cecily lay, and started with their burden for Brierly by a short cut across the park.

Once arrived there, all assistance was forthcoming, for ill news flies apace, and the Bear was already thrown open, and every available room in it lighted up with lamps and candles in anticipation of the advent of any houseless wanderers whom the midnight conflagration at Tresham had bereft of shelter.

In a very short space of time, thanks to the energy of Miss Carstairs, Mrs. Lancelot Tresham was placed comfortably amongst a nest of pillows in a huge four-poster, the crimson damask hangings and valances of which were the pride of Mrs. Jones the landlady's heart, the injured arm, carefully dressed by the doctor, and some brandy and water administered, which brought a faint color into the white lips and cheeks of Sir Geoffrey Tresham's quondam secretary.

"The papers—I did save the papers! Of course it was a mad thing to try for, and they were of no real value; but I know Sir Geoffrey would be pleased, and I did so want to please him," whispered Cecily agitatedly into Polly's ear, as she bent over the bed with a cup of hot soup in her hand. "All through I have been thinking of Tots, not of myself. I did not care. I would have stayed quietly for ever at the Cottage and been quite happy; but I could not let him be wronged. Only I do want every one to know that none of this is Lance's fault." She moved her head restlessly to and fro, and a feverish light gleamed in her eyes. "He was quite ignorant of my being in the house; he would have been very, very angry if he had guessed it even. The scheme was all mine, and Sir Geoffrey must not blame my husband for it. Lance is angry now, of course he is. I have done no good, only harm—dreadful harm—after all!"

She broke into a passion of wild stormy sobs, the more violent that she was a woman to whom tears, as a rule, came hardly; and Miss Carstairs, quite alarmed, stooped and laid a firm hand on the wide white brow.

"Now, dear, you must lie still and be good and quite," she said, subduing her own naturally loud and decided utterance till nobody would have recognised Polly Carstairs's voice. "No one has any right to be angry. If you have done any wrong, it has only been a mistake at the worst, and is amply atoned for by the risk you ran to save what you knew Sir Geoffrey valued. You husband, I am certain, does not blame you; he is too thankful to have you with him, snatched from the jaws of a violent death, for that. And, as for his uncle—well, you know I have always found Sir Geoffrey's bark worse than his bite. I prophesy you will become a prime favorite with him before long, only you must be an obedient child, and try to sleep now."

It was impossible to resist the kindliness of the heiress's accents, and in poor Cecily's worn-out condition it was inexpressibly grateful.

"I will try—I will, really, if only—— Do you think I might see Lance just for a minute?" she asked, in a trembling voice. "I want to beg him to forgive me, and then——"

"Now, now, what's all this talking?" exclaimed old Doctor Symes, bustling into the room at this juncture, with a glass in one hand and a bottle in the other. "Mrs. Tresham, if you don't mean to have a serious illness, you must lie still and keep your mind quiet, I can tell you. Want to see your husband, eh? Well, you can't, then, for I have just met him striding off to the Park to try to help in moving some of the valuables; but he sent you a message, and, if you'll be a good girl and drink this, I'll try to remember it. That plaguey boy of mine must needs go off to the fire with the key of my surgery in his pocket, and I had to break into my own house through the window, like a burglar, before I could make up this composing-draught for you."

He stood watching his patient narrowly as she drank the mixture he had brought her to the very last drop, then took the glass from her and felt the fluttering pulse.

"Now, ma'am, I repeat, if you want to get well quickly and not find yourself on my hands with brain-fever, you must keep quiet, as I told you just now," he said gravely. "There has been a great strain on the nerves for some time, I can see; and this combined with the severe shock and the injury you have sustained, makes it necessary that you should be very careful. Oh, yes—I'm coming to the message in a minute!" he went on, with a smile, his quick professional eye instantly detecting a restless movement made by Cecily in the bed. "Mr. Lancelot—I ought to call him 'Captain Tresham,' I suppose; but, when you've plastered up a boy's cuts and scratches and given him castor-oil, with bull's-eyes to take the taste out, ever since he was a little chap, it comes difficult sometimes to recollect he's a lad no longer—well, ma'am, the Captain sent you his love, and you were to get well and worry about nothing; and there was something else too. Let's see! Oh, yes! You were not to worry, and he meant to send for Dots or Spots, or some such creature, as soon as there was time to wire. Oh, bless us, what have I said? The fat's all in the fire this time!"—for Cecily, overwrought by all she had gone through and quite taken aback at this sudden and unexpected consummation of her most cherished wish, burst for the second time into a flood of tears.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

The Gold Robber.

BY J. O. B.

IT was on a November evening that we all sat round a cheerful fire after dinner. Uncle John, who had come home from Australia a week before, was giving us various bits of information about the climate, people, &c., in that favored country. He paused for a while, so I asked him—"Couldn't you tell us a story of your adventures, or something that happened to you, uncle?"

"Well," he answered, "I've had so many adventures, small and great, that it's hard to pick out one; but suppose I tell you the first that happened to me—will that satisfy you?"

We all declared we should be delighted to hear it; so, giving the fire a poke, and all of us drawing nearer the blaze, he began the following—

"You know, when I first went to Australia, there was great excitement about the gold that was being found in several places; and, like a great number of people, I was seized with the gold mania, and went to the diggings. You all know, also, that I was very fortunate there—but of that I have nothing to say now, as I am going to tell what befell me one night, about a fortnight after my arrival at the diggings.

"Your Uncle Tom, who was with me, was up the country for a couple of days with an old schoolfellow, whom he had found in that remote region; so I found myself on this particular night the sole occupant of our hut. I had retired to my hammock rather early that night; but I could not go to sleep, but kept tossing about for a long time. At last I opened my eyes wide, with the conviction that sleep was not within my grasp for that night; and I began looking round the hut at such objects as the remains of the fire made clear enough to be seen. As I looked round, a dark object in one corner arrested my attention; it was in a corner not lighted by the fire, so that I took some moments to make out what it was; but at last I came to the pleasant conclusion that there was some one else in the hut besides myself.

"Now this was a particularly inconvenient thing, to say the least of it; for I knew nobody personally who lived about us; but I knew very well that, as a general rule, they were a coarse, low lot of ruffians, a great many of them convicts, and men who had had to fly from their countries for various reasons best known to themselves, so you may perhaps form a slight idea of my feelings. I knew it was not my brother, for he would not be back for two days; besides, why should he come in so silently, and stand there so mysteriously. But what puzzled me most was how any one could get there, for I had most carefully fastened the door before retiring to rest. I thought my eyes might be deceived, but on looking more intently at the dark object, I distinctly saw the outline of a pair of shoulders and one arm, but it was impossible to see the head or feet, as the shade was so heavy in the corner.

"Now, in this very corner we had a chest; in which we brought various clothes and other necessaries, and in which we meant to put any gold we might find—I say meant, because we had not got any up to the present time,—so I of course concluded that my visitor was examining this chest with a view to robbery, and I thought the best thing I could do would be to remain quiet for the present; but I spoiled my plan by turning on my side so as to watch the robber better, and in doing so I made what seemed to me a great deal of noise. I now thought there was no use in concealment, so drawing a revolver, which I always kept under my head at night, I called out, 'Come forward at once and show yourself, or I'll blow your brains out.'

"I made as much noise as I could in cocking the revolver, so as to give my threat more weight; but the gentleman in the corner seemed to take no notice, for he remained perfectly quiet. I was undecided what to do till the thought struck me that the robber might at that moment be meditating shooting me from where he was, and this thought made my blood run cold, for I thought of the friends and relations I had left at home, and of the state they would be in when they heard I had been shot in Australia; so I again called out, 'Whoever you are, I'll give you but one chance; I'll count three, and if at the third word you don't come forward, I'll fire.'

"I told you I could not see the man's head, so I aimed at where I thought it ought to be, and counted slowly, 'One, two, three!'

"At the word 'three' I fired four shots in quick succession, for I thought that in the almost total darkness my aim might not be very good; but they seemed to have taken effect, for when the smoke cleared away, I looked in vain for my midnight visitor. I could not summon courage to get up and look for his body; not that I was exactly afraid, but I had a horrible feeling of having shed a human being's blood, which I had never done before, and I firmly believe I would almost rather have been shot by the robber than have the fearful thought on my mind that I had killed him.

"Never did I spend such a dreadful night. I could not get rid of the one thought of having deprived a fellow creature of life, especially while he was in the act of robbing, and perhaps intending murder; but more horrible than all was the idea that I might possibly have been the means of sending him to a fearful eternity. In vain I tried to persuade myself that it was to save my own life I had done it; this seemed to be a poor excuse. However, I at last fell into a disturbed sleep, which lasted till morning; but the moment I awoke the dreadful night recurred to my mind, although I felt rather more calm. I thought I had had a horrible dream, but on examining my revolver I found four chambers discharged. I rose and looked about the room, but in vain I sought the body of the intruder. This, however, relieved me greatly, as I thought he could not have been killed, but only wounded, and had escaped out of the hut while I was asleep; but on going to the door I was more perplexed than ever, for the door had evidently not been opened, as it was securely fastened on the inside.

"That day I could not bear to do anything but sit at my fire and think over my adventure, and try to solve the mystery I concluded there certainly was; but I could come to no satisfactory conclusion with regard to it.

"The next day my brother came back, but I thought it better not to say anything about my visitor to him—at all events not until I found out who or what the intruder was.

"That evening I returned to the hut after my day's work. I had found my first nugget, which, however, was a very small one, and was entering the door, when I saw my brother sitting on a stool, with a coat across his knees, which seemed to perplex him very much. When he saw me he called me, and asked me if I could account for two holes which were in the back of the coat he was examining. Of course I knew nothing about them. He said he had left the coat hanging in the corner, and had just found it down behind the chest, and with those two holes, which he thought very like pistol-shots, through the back.

"The explanation flashed across my mind immediately; my midnight robber was nothing else than my brother's coat hanging on the wall! On examining it further I found the loop by which it hung was cut, evidently by one the shots, and this accounted for its falling.

"I need scarcely say what laughter it caused when I told my brother this; but, small adventure as it seems, I shall never forget my night with the gold robber."

WITH SUNSET HUES.

BY WHITTIER.

Slow fades the vision of the sky,
The golden water pales,
And over all the valley land
A gray-winged vapor sails.
I go the common way of all;
The sunset fires will burn,
The flowers will blow, the river flow,
When I no more return.
No whisper from the mountain pine
Nor lapsing stream shall tell
The stranger, treading where I tread,
Of him who loved them well.
But beauty seen is never lost,
God's colors all are fast;
The glory of this sunset heaven
Into my soul has passed—
A sense of gladness unconfined
To mortal date or clime;
As the soul liveth, it shall live
Beyond the years of time.
Beside the mystic asphodels
Shall bloom the home-born flowers,
And new horizons flush and glow
With sunset hues of ours.

Mazaruni Gold.

BY J. CHAMBERS.

"THE purser sends his compliments, sir, and says he is very sorry, but he will have to put a gentleman into your cabin, from the lower deck. There's a tremendjous lot o' passengers this voyage, sir."

These words were addressed to me by a steward of the good royal mail ship Nile, as we steamed down the Solent on a lovely evening in July 187—. It is a selfish peculiarity of Englishmen to wish to have everything to themselves—a smoking-carriage, a cabin on board a steamer, a table at a restaurant. I am not free from this selfishness, being an Englishman, and felt a good deal annoyed at the idea of having a stranger thrust on one's privacy. Besides, I had just unpacked a good many things, and arranged them all over my cabin for my fortnight's occupation of it, in my old bachelor methodical style. However, a visit to the good-natured purser convinced me the request was a reasonable one. After all, I had only paid for one berth, and to stand up for the whole cabin was about as reasonable as demanding a whole railway carriage for a single fare.

"Well, I suppose I may choose my companion?" said I.

"Certainly—any one you like."

"Then I should prefer that Herr David Balk shared my cabin. He is a gentleman, I believe, and I think should have none of those habits which renders some travelers anything but desirable companions."

Herr David Balk was a pleasant young Dutchman, of a good family in Amsterdam. I had been introduced to him by a friend of mine who had come to see me off at Southampton.

In the course of two or three days we were the best of friends, for I will always contend that a Dutchman of the upper classes is as fine a specimen of humanity as is to be found in the world. Herr Balk had never visit Demerara, to which colony he was now bound; and as I had been two or three voyages to 'the land of mud,' making some stay each time in the colony I was able to give him information about the place. He seemed curious about the rivers and river banks of the colony, and after inquiring about the Corentyn, Berbice and Essequibo rivers, he began to ask, in what I thought a cautious, tentative sort of manner, about the banks of the Mazaruni. Had there not been estates there in the old time?—estates not far from the site of the present settlement? Were there ruins of any houses? And so forth.

We were soon on the friendliest footing, but still Balk puzzled me. What object had he in visiting Demerara? He moved in the best circles in Amsterdam and at the Hague. My friend had told me at Southampton, Balk's house on the Herrengracht was the finest in Amsterdam—a perfect bijou. He was neither a planter nor a naturalist. And though not rich, he was fairly well off.

At last, one evening when we were sitting smoking in our deck-chairs, in a remote part of the quarter-deck, and Balk was talking about river banks and the Mazaruni for the fortieth time, I could stand it no longer. "What on earth are you always talking about these things for?" said I.

Balk, after a short pause, said: "I don't mind telling you the object of this voyage of mine. Although I have known you only a few days on this ship, somehow or other I could trust you better than many a Dutchman I have known all my life."

Then, on the dimly-lighted quarter-deck, with the screw whirling and thumping beneath us, he told me something of his family history. His was one of the oldest families in Holland. His ancestors two hundred years ago had established a coffee estate on the Mazaruni River. The Spaniards in those days were very troublesome, and one David Balk, being a rich man, had fitted out a fighting ship, sunk two or three Spanish galleons, and acquired a good deal of their treasure. His name became for a time a formidable one in Demerara waters, and even on the Spanish Main. But the Spaniards were not disposed tamely to submit to a Dutch planter. An expedition was fitted out. Two galleons sailed up the Essequibo, and entered the Mazaruni. No ravages on any estates, which were then numerous on either bank of the river, were made. The commander had but one object in view, and that was to destroy David Balk, his son, slaves, house, and all that was his, and seize his treasure. This they appear to have done only too effectually. Landing in the dead of night at Plu Scheprucod, about two miles lower down the bank of the river than where the penal settlement now stands, they killed Balk, who made a gallant resistance, put as many slaves as they could catch to death, laid the whole place in ruins, and, it was supposed, took Balk's treasure with them.

In one object apparently these murderers failed. David Balk's son, a youth visiting Demerara for a few months, escaped. Some slaves who had themselves got away, said they had seen him on the fatal night grasp a sword and swear to die fighting by his father's side. The father in vain urged him to flee. At last, on a sign from the old man, four slaves seized him, and in spite of all his struggles, bore him away. He was got on board a schooner; and soon after returned to Holland, much to the relief, doubtless, of his fellow-colonists, who had by that time became convinced that the name of Balk was a dangerous one to have amongst them.

Here the curtain falls on this little tragedy of the seventeenth or eighteenth century, for I am not quite certain to which century it really belongs, whether to the waning years of the end of the seventeenth or the dawn of the eighteenth.

* * * * * *

Some time in the 'seventies' of this present century, my friend David Balk, a descendant of the filibustering, coffee growing, burgomeister David, of a long past generation, found his ancestral house on the Herrengracht, Amsterdam, in a state of apparently sudden decay, as so often happens with medieval Dutch houses. He moved into another house during the process of reconstruction. Every one knows what piles of rubbish accumulate in a modern house in the course of even a few years. But imagine a house with the accumulations of three centuries! What a 'turnout' there would be if the Queen were to leave Windsor Castle, or the Duke of Devonshire to depart from Chatsworth! My friend made a big bonfire of a good deal of broken old time furniture, and rags of dresses, with the fair owners of which Egmont might have danced. His temporary house was filled with dingy boxes, into which old songs, plays, and the fugitive literature of many generations had been packed. One day he was surveying these dubious treasures in the garret, fully resolving not to lumber up his newly-restored house with all of them, and yet half shrinking from the labor of sifting the wheat from the chaff. His eye rested for a moment on a small old-fashioned box with rusty iron clamps. It was grimed with the dust and dirt of ages. Mechanically, Balk, he knew not why, began scraping away the dirt from the lid. He came upon part of some old-fashioned Dutch characters originally inscribed in white paint, now yellowed with age. He now felt some curiosity, and scraped away with interest. At last, he could make out the following: " . . . a dore Ba k, erron cht, masterdam." The other letters had disappeared. However, this he easily translated into "Isidore Balk, Herrengracht, Amsterdam."

This box had evidently never been opened—there was no key; but rust had done its work, and he easily opened it with a chisel. Inside this was a small parcel of something or other, wrapped up in that sweet smelling Cordovan leather which seems to defy the ravages of time. Undoing the leather he found a letter written in faded old world characters, and he could just make out it was addressed to Isidore Balk. Now, letters, centuries ago, were seldom written on parchment, that material being expensive, and reserved, as nowadays, for important documents. But this was parchment. Not to weary the reader, Balk found, after many hours of perseverance, that the letter was from his ancestor, David, who had been massacred on the banks of the Mazaruni River, to his son Isidore. David had evidently feared that he might be suddenly cut off, had written this letter on parchment, and enclosed it in a strong box, addressed to Isidore, hoping he might find some opportunity, should misfortune overtake him, of despatching it. No doubt, on the fatal Mazaruni night he entrusted it to his younger son. But family history related that this young man on reaching Holland found his brother already dead of a putrid fever, then epidemic, and to which he himself succumbed only three weeks after reaching his native land. It was plain, then, the box had been put aside in a garret and forgotten.

The contents of the letter were to this effect: that, considering the perilous condition of the times, and until he had wound up certain business in the colony of Demerara, when he hoped to depart under sure and safe consort for Holland, he had secretly deposited a considerable sum in Spanish doubloons under ground on his estate. That he had also there deposited raw gold (so he termed it) which he had obtained from Cuyuni River. The bearings of the spot were given with the utmost exactness, and the treasure was moreover described as buried under a greenheart tree. The letter concluded with the following native words: "Only six of my slaves helped me in this matter, and know the spot where this treasure lies buried. I believe them all to be trustworthy knaves. Moreover, the treasure would be of no use to them if they had it. However, should I find any of them talk of this buried gold, he that thus talked would soon be buried too."

"There," said Balk, as we got up from our deck chairs, on the now deserted quarter-deck, "you now know why I am going to Demerara. I intend to have that treasure which my ancestor left there so many generations ago."

In due time, after seeing Barbadians land in Bridgetown in tall hats, and enjoying a capital lunch at its Ice House, I reached Georgetown. Here I parted from Balk, promising, however, if my business was finished in time, to leave by the same homeward mail.

My stay, however, in the land of mud was very short—only a fortnight. Important business, requiring my immediate presence in London, called me away. On the day of my departure I received a letter from Balk, dated from Bartica Grove, and saying: "Everything is ready for the treasure-finding expedition on Thursday—dead of night—muffled oars—quite a romance—come and join in the excitement."

Scrawling a hasty note explaining that I was going away, and giving my English address, I sailed that evening.

Some months glided by, as the novelists say, and I had half forgotten Balk and his story, when I received a letter from him, dated the Herrengracht, Amsterdam. It was a hospitable invitation to come and visit him for as long as I liked.

A week later we were seated one evening after dinner in his quaint, cosy, little smoking-room, each of us with one of those long-stemmed china bowl pipes, which one enjoys in certain countries of Europe, but somehow never thinks of smoking in England.

"Now, about that treasure," said Balk, "which I promised at dinner to tell you about."

"Did you get it?" said I.

"Every doubloon, my dear fellow," he answered, "except a few which fell from the rotten chest, and on which the boviander duly got drunk at Bartica for some days."

"Well, how did you manage it?"

"Very simply. I took a cottage at Bartica Grove, and people seemed to think me a German naturalist. Naturalists collecting for American museums go there sometimes. I got a boat, and was pulled to the mainland some two miles below the penal settlement. I examined everything—had a path cut, looked at the trees, the creepers, the ground—yes, especially the ground; oh, it was quite plain I was a naturalist. An old chart which I had taken the precaution to consult at the royal archives at the Hague had informed me as to the exact position of the old estate of Scheprucod. Of course, the place was overgrown—not even a small terrier could have penetrated some parts of it. I had my compass with me, but did not consult it. I did not wish to raise suspicions. Naturalists do not require compasses. What was my joy, however, at some thirty feet above the river, in a spot where no brushwood was, to stumble over a brick, half-buried in the soil. There were mounds all round—no doubt all house brick-work covered with soil.

"The men with me were not surprised; they merely said: 'Plenty estate on dis river in old time—bricks everywhere.'"

"Here, then, my ancestor David Balk had perished so many generations since.

"'Any old greenheart trees?' I asked carelessly of the boatmen.

"They laugh. 'You no find any dis side. Settlement people cut down trees of any size—too many years ago.'

"The old tree mentioned in the letter had disappeared, then. But I had been almost sure of that beforehand. In the course of nature it must have perished long ago, even if the woodcutters had spared it.

"For one reconnoitre I had done very well. After this, I borrowed a canoe, a good English built one, and paddled in and out of the shallows and backwaters. One thing I felt convinced of—I must ascertain the exact spot where this treasure was buried. I could only make one attempt. If that failed, the whole thing would get wind, and all the treasure, if ever found, would not come to me, its rightful owner.

"Well, after carefully examining the chart, and taking and retaking the most minute bearings, I hit upon one certain spot. I cleared away the brushwood myself with a cutlass, and what was my joy to find a huge cavity where trees had evidently once stood. But now one of the most difficult parts of my plan remained. I must let five men at least into my secret, for I should require fully that number to pull the boat and dig up the treasure. And such men to confide in! Boviander, woodcutters, men living from hand to mouth, whose highest ideal of human felicity was rum and tobacco. I should never have managed these fellows myself; but I went to one who had had much experience with woodcutters and river-men. For a good round sum, when I had confided everything to him, he promised to procure me five trustworthy men—that is, trustworthy as long as they could be kept from drink. Fine big fellows they were, with broad chests and sinewy arms. My temporary friend, from whom I also hired an expensive boat, kept these fellows till the evening in a state of semi-imprisonment. They had salt fish, bread, sardines, one bottle of beer each, and a very small modicum of rum. How they did clamor for more of the latter!

"'Now,' said I, producing a roll of notes to show I had plenty of money, 'each man, five minutes after we have started tonight, will receive a twenty-dollar note. If I succeed in what I am attempting, then each man will have twenty dollars more; but you won't know what we are going for until after we start.'

"It was a dark moonless night as we pushed off silently about eleven o'clock from Carabisee Place, Bartica Grove. I gave each of the men the promised twenty-dollar note. I could see by the feeble lantern light that this inspired them with new confidence. Our boat was well ballasted with shovels and pickaxes; boxes, or what Creoles call 'canisters,' to hold the expected treasure. They all knew about it now. I had told them all.

"Arriving at our landing place, and tethering our boat to the trunk of a tree, we commenced our midnight journey. Two men held me up on either side, or I should have fallen again and again as the vines entangled my feet, for the lantern's light was well-nigh useless. As for the men, they seemed to have cat's eyes. The darkness and the light to them were both alike. I am sure I could never have found the spot I wanted alone, in the dark, often as I had been there; but I had painted lines of white paint as a precaution on two trees near the place, and my friends with the feline eyes soon discovered these.

"Now that the search I had come all these thousands of miles to make was about to begin, I felt at once a strong disbelief in it. All the tales I had ever read of vain searchings for treasure which perhaps had never been hidden, flashed through my mind. Perhaps David Balk's letter had been all a hoax, intended to mislead Spaniards and others. Even if true, some one else might have found the gold generations ago. At that moment, but for making myself ridiculous, I would have gone back to the boat and steamed away for Holland by the first ship.

"'Eh, sir—wha' yow g'win to do?'

"These words roused me from my dream. The men had put the lantern on the ground, and now looked to me for direc

tions. I pointed out what I thought must be the exact spot, and to work they went like—well, like men who are working for twenty dollars apiece. Shovelfuls of black mould were turned up, representing years upon years of forest leaves; then two or three feet of sand, and at last we got through two feet of clay, and finally reached water. The depth of the hole was now more than six feet, and my heart began to sink, for when the labor had set in, my hopes had risen again. The men were getting dispirited. Their extra twenty dollars seemed fading away before their eyes. They all jumped out of the trench.

"'No good, sah; de water rise; no treasure der. Better go home."

"I began to think so too; but just then, as a man held the lantern over the excavation, I noticed a hard substance amongst the clay at the side, some five feet down. To the amazement of the man, I jumped into the hole, splashing the water high in air. I felt the side of the hole, scraped away the clay. Yes, this was the end of a coffer of large dimensions, and the end of our search too.

"'Hurrah!' I shouted as the men helped me out of the pit; 'we have come on the side of the box instead of the top. A little digging, my men, just here, and twenty-five dollars apiece for you, instead of twenty, as this is extra work.'

"In the course of half an hour the whole of the stone coffer was laid bare. It was too heavy to lift from the earth, and must be emptied. A few blows from a pickaxe, and the lid was broken in pieces. Throwing these pieces away, a much decayed linen cloth was visible.

"'You better raise dis,' said the men, getting out of the hole.

"I sprang in, and then there came forth, as I raised the cloth, in the lantern's light the soft gleam of gold—imperishable gold—gold, not to be tarnished like silver, or grow green like baser metals, but ever preserving its yellow radiance from age to age. Yes, there was gold in all its shapes—crude nuggets; and gold dust from Nature's hand. Moidores, pieces-of-eight, doubloons, and a dozen other shapes into which man's hand had twisted it.

"I, who was moderately rich before, for Holland, was now as rich as you English count riches. I stood dumfounded. I was neither glad or happy. I felt dazed, and fancied myself an avaricious wretch. But this I did in the moments when I first beheld my treasures by the feeble light of the lantern, beneath the Mazaruni forest trees; I vowed I would make a good use of it in the service of God and man; and I humbly hope I have done so.

"Well, it took some time to fill our tin and wooden boxes and transport the treasure to the boat. When we reach Bartica, I gave the men fifty dollars apiece, and I said if I could ever help them in any way I would, on their applying to me. I am afraid the money did them no good. I heard afterwards that Bartica Grove was a swamp of drunkenness for some two or three weeks after that night. Some of the men had picked up gold moidores and other coins, and many worthy persons were much surprised at ancient coins coming suddenly to light in such a remote place. As for myself, I left for Southampton by next mail.

"There you have my story," said Bald, filling his huge pipe and lighting it, for it had gone out during his narrative.

"But," said I, "did nothing of this strange treasure trove adventure get wind in Demerara?"

"Ah yes," laughed Balk. "Of course those drunken boviandors maundered about treasures in the earth, but few believed them. One or two men went and dug—found nothing except the empty stone coffer, which they took to the Grove; but what did that prove as to their tale being true—an empty stone box? The superintendent at the settlement, an energetic little man, heard the story too. He sent a warder and convicts into the forest. They found a hole. They dug others, and at last they came on a grave. He must have been a swell, the Balk who was buried there, for the diggers turned up no end of coffin handles, some of which have been preserved as mementos. The only thing of the slightest value they found was a silver button such as used to be worn on cloaks, with a chain, to fasten the collar. This the superintendent gave to his wife. Oh yes, there was something more found—a few bones.

"'This,' said Balk, showing me a small bone inserted in something like a monstrant, 'was sent to me as the relic of an ancestor, and these'—opening a drawer of nuggets—'are, I take it, some of the earliest samples of Mazaruni Gold.'"

LITERARY TOURISTS.

Every year it seems as though a wider gulf divides the present from the past. The face of the country is changing, and on all sides we are surrounded with evidence of the change; but it may be doubted whether any feature of old English life is more to be regretted than its inns.

Here and there, it is true, one survives to remind us of a time when the country districts were full of old hostelries, with their charming simplicity and their hospitable plenty, when "mine host" was an institution.

"Mine host of the Garter" took liberties with Sir John Falstaff which show us the independent position he then possessed by common consent in right of his office.

"There is nothing," says Boswell, sententiously, "which has yet been contrived by man by which so much happiness is produced as by a good tavern."

No doubt in the olden time the inn fulfilled a totally different function to that of the modern hotel. It was more homelike because it was more used as a home.

Tavern life was a recognised feature of good society. It was the custom to use a house as a sort of club, and there was scarcely a country inn that had not, as well as its habitues, its regular lodgers. The change must, therefore, not be all put down to the rage for novelty. If there were any real demand for inns of the old type, you may be sure that it would have been supplied.

But though the inn has disappeared, with some rare exceptions, one of its most characteristic features, the visitors' book, still survives. We need not describe it. Everybody who has ever stayed in even the most modern hotel knows it too well. It is almost invariably bound in whole morocco. It is an imposing volume. It looks what it is, the log-book of a multitude of travellers.

And if it can be regarded as veracious there is no doubt whatever that the merits of the hostelry are considerable. There may be a great diversity in point of style, but the meaning of all those who have inscribed their autographs upon its pages is the same. One and all alike bear testimony to the excellence of the institutions in all departments.

Some are enthusiastic about the beds, but more are enamoured with the cuisine. Some recommend the wine, and even go so far as to specify certain brands. But when time occurs we advise the unwary to carefully investigate the authenticity of the entry.

Awkward results have, it is said, occurred from heedlessly following the advice of the visitors' book with regard to the claret. It is, indeed, characteristic of the volume that it is too eulogistic.

If one came across some suggestions of improvement here and there, or even a little fault finding, one would be prepared to accept it as rather better evidence, which if it did not substantiate, went far to enhance the chances of the volume being an authentic record. But it is, we believe, the fact that no adverse criticism was ever found recorded in a visitors' book.

If the book is examined, however, it generally turns out that whole pages have here and there been more or less neatly removed with a penknife. One wonders what was written on those missing leaves. They arouse one's curiosity much more than the many pages of blotted caligraphy that lie open to one's hand.

If you inquire as to how it happened, the story is always the same, that some distinguished personage or other, always very highly distinguished, had been staying in the inn or hotel, and had expressed his opinion on its many merits, and some autograph hunter had deliberately stolen the valuable record. Now, one can believe anything of an autograph hunter; but still we would like to see some of those missing leaves.

What a strange story might not a visitors' book have to tell if it reflected the opinions of those who had rested there. One wonders, indeed, whether there is not a mine of thought and expression in the visitors' books of some old hostelries.

Possibly some feel Simon Pure may have left recorded on those sibylline leaves some "gem of purest ray serene." There may be many such lying forgotten on the shelves, and one might come across in these genuine expressions of opinion by artists who, if then unknown to fame, have long since been famous, by authors, by actors, in short all the great motley multitude of vagrom men.

Still it is, we fear, seldom that those views would be really worth having have done more than add their autographs to those volumes. The majority of those who attempt composition, especially poetical composition, are, to put it mildly, generally amateurs at the art of writing. Indeed we may be sure, if we come across an entry more lengthy than usual, that it might be skipped without any great loss.

It may seem to be labor lost to criticise the poetry of the visitors' book; but although most of it is atrociously bad, there is much that is suggestive of the period about it. There is a primness, for instance, in the verses written in the beginning of the century, especially of those which were the efforts of budding poetesses of the time.

Sometimes, too, a discussion is got up in a visitors' book, and for pages the warfare waxes warm. It reminds one of the "answers to correspondents" which is a prominent feature in some journals. It is to be hoped, moreover, that some of those who are ruthlessly handled here do not see the unkind remarks that are made upon their views.

Again, there is a good deal of effort at composition in French or German, or Latin or Greek, and, sometimes, not without amusing results. Indeed, it had become quite the practice to wrap up adverse opinions in the disguise of a foreign tongue. But for the most part they are merely attempts on the part of visitors to practice composition, if not to pose as foreigners.

It is almost invariably characteristic of the true foreigner that he is proud of the opportunity of airing his English.

It would, no doubt, be easy to fill a volume with examples of visitors' book prose and poetry, but little has hitherto been attempted in this direction. Nor is the result of the efforts of industrious collectors encouraging. Here, for instance, is an example which can hardly be regarded as classical:—

"M and I. went up Scawfell,
In spite of every warning;
The slopes were steep, the snows were deep—
And arn't they stiff this morning!"

The concluding line is, however, a good example of bathos.

Another verse extracted from a visitors' book runs:—

"We came! We came at unexpected hour,
Dinner was ready by some magic power;
We'd beef and bacon, pickles, ham and mustard,
Pleasant attendance, gooseberries, cream and custard."

Which is in its way inimitable, if a little colloquial.

But if the poetry is defective, there is, as a rule, plenty of criticism to follow. Quite a controversy often rages as to the merits of a rhyme. Indeed not a few people seem to discover for the first time that they possess the critical faculty. One wonders what the consequences will be upon their friends and acquaintances.

It is inevitable that the most cursory study of the visitors' book should suggest what a useful purpose it might be made to serve. How many people would be grateful for the experiences of travelers who have been over the same ground.

It is, perhaps, too much to ask people to make their "confessions" public, notwithstanding that the fashion has its followers, but something more than a bare autograph or commonplace testimonial would be satisfactory.

A few words of local lore would open up a new world to the many who go through life half asleep. A hint as to the best walks, the prettiest bits of country, would be warmly appreciated.

The natives are not reliable in this respect, and, indeed, seldom know much about their own neighborhood, excepting its stock lions.

Hotels would become much more homelike if the visitors' book were more genuine. It was said of Dr. Syntax—

"Where'er his fancy bids him roam,
In every inn he finds a home,
Will not an inn his cares beguile,
Where on each face he sees a smile?"

And the same might be true of the school-master abroad to-day. But we fear there is little prospect of a revival of old tavern life in these pretentious times.

EXPOSURE TO DRAUGHTS WHEN HEATED, and sudden changes in the temperature of the atmosphere, are prolific sources of severe Colds, from which many cases of Inflammation of the Lungs, Pleurisy, Asthma, and other Pulmonary Affections are developed. Should you unfortunately contract a Cold, resort at once to Dr. Jayne's Expectorant, a remedy that will not only promptly cure Coughs and Colds, but will relieve and strengthen the Pulmonary and Bronchial Organs, and remove all dangerous symptoms.

Scientific and Useful.

ALCOHOL.—Beets are to a greater extent than ever becoming the raw material of alcohol in France. The total product last year was more than one half from beets, a little over one-quarter from molasses, and the remainder from grain.

MINING.—One of the latest applications of electricity to mining operations is seen in a lead mine in Belgium. Each bucket arriving at the top of the shaft makes an electric contact and a needle in the office indicates, by a red line upon a revolving drum, the number of buckets brought up.

STEEL-BOAT.—A new type of steel steamboat is to be introduced on the Mississippi. It will be 230 feet long, 40 feet beam, and have a freight capacity of 1550 tons. The hull will have adjustable keels or centre-boards; and a double set of engines and twin screws will give a speed of 16 knots an hour.

QUICK FIRING GUNS.—Lord Armstrong, the chairman of the English company that manufactures the big guns, recently stated as the result of experiments made by his firm that smokeless explosives like cordite will eventually supersede gunpower for all quick-firing guns. These explosives, he said, are not more dangerous than powder, while they permit of more accurate sighting and develop higher energy.

FORESTS AND RAIN.—The disappearance of the forests along the rivers of Russia has, it is claimed, cause a change of climate in that country resulting in last year's drought. To counteract this the Government has devised a method of snow storage, long banks being made upon the plains, against which the snows drifts. It is said that the accumulations made in this way melt slowly, and are absorbed by the ground to greater advantage than the natural covering on the rest of the soil.

Farm and Garden.

TURNIPS AND BEETS.—Pack the turnips and beets in sand, in bins, under shelter, instead of in mounds outside, and they will not only keep well but be always convenient for use, instead of being frozen and sealed up in the ground.

THE FARMER.—A farmer will get up at 4 o'clock, clean out the stalls, feed, milk, ship his milk daily (and Sunday, too), make up the beds, and milk and feed again, with a bare profit, if he has a dairy herd, but it is hard work to even clean out a poultry house once a week.

FERTILITY OF SOIL.—Modern investigations go to show that the fertility of the soil is a question of water solely and the problems of fertilizers are simply questions of control of flow of water through the soil and of the coagulation or condensation of the substances held in solution.

AIR AND WEIGHT.—In England the rule is to allow four cubic feet of air space for each 100 pounds weight of an animal. Allowing air according to the weight, however, is not a correct system, but it is a rule that is better than none, as animals are usually more crowded than should be the case.

SEED TUBERS.—A French scientist obtains the remarkable yield of 42 tons of potatoes per acre by treating the seed tubers with sulphate of ammonia. He steeped the potatoes for 24 hours in a solution of six pounds of saltpetre, six pounds of sulphate of ammonia and 25 gallons of water. He then allowed them to stand and drain for a day, in order that their buds might swell before planting them.

HAY, FODDER, ENSILAGE.—The advantages of hay, corn fodder and ensilage, when compared, may give results not always in favor of ensilage, so far as its actual feeding value is concerned, but when the comparison is made strictly on the cost of the food, ensilage stands first as the cheapest of all. No single food should be used to the exclusion of all kinds, and ensilage is no exception. When fed in connection with hay and grain it pays well for the cost.

$100 Reward $100.

The readers of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is at least one dreaded disease that science has been able to cure in all its stages, and that is Catarrh. Hall's Catarrh Cure is the only positive cure now known to the medical fraternity. Catarrh being a constitutional disease, requires a constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system, thereby destroying the foundation of the disease, and giving the patient strength by building up the constitution and assisting nature in doing its work. The proprietors have so much faith in its curative powers that they offer One Hundred Dollars for any case that it fails to cure. Send for list of testimonials. Address,

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A WORD TO OUR READERS.

There is not a home in the country that would not be brightened and made more beautiful by the magnificent companion pictures offered as a premium by THE POST, and of which descriptions and reduced illustrations are given on another page. In all the history of art in this country there have never been offered to the public two such grand, artistic, and at the same time patriotic productions.

They are charming as works of art, educational, and, relating as they do to the discovery of our land, possess an all-round interest that makes them both desirable now and valuable as future mementoes and souvenirs. As a memorial of 1892—the year of the four-hundredth anniversary of Columbus landing upon our shores—these pictures would not only be objects of beauty and admiration to the present generation, but also of regard and love in the eyes of those to come. No true Americans who love their country should be without these splendid art works in their homes.

Both pictures are sent to all who send $2.00 for a year's subscription in advance.

Civilities at Home.

"Charity begins at home." Do you know what is the meaning of that well-worn sentence? You use it too frequently as an excuse for parsimony.

The true meaning of that mystic line is that you, our readers, of all ages and both sexes should do all you can to make your homes happy; it is there you should show your kindness, good humor, your fun and cleverness. There it is that you should play the fine gentleman and be doubly polite, there where you are seen only by your own kith and kin.

The great Roman poet was so struck with the response of an oracle as to the best way of acquiring wisdom, "Know thyself," that he cried out, "It comes down from Heaven!" and we may say this of our proverb. No one can put it into practice without finding how thoroughly Divine it is.

The curious thing about us is, not that we should not readily acknowlge the use and wisdom of the saying, but that for years we have let it lie dormant, have applied it to other matters, and have forgotten what it means. And now who is to begin?

For a beginning let us refer to a story told by Steele, which will apply to the journey of life as well as to the shorter trip he describes. Once upon a time he and several others took a coach to go and see the Land's End; this task in those days would last for a good long time.

"We were very well pleased with each other," says this pleasant writer, "for the first day every one endeavored to recommend himself to his good companions by his good humor and complaisance. This good correspondence did not last long: one of our party was soured the very first evening by a dish of butter that had not been melted to his mind; which spoiled his temper to such a degree, that he continued upon the fret to the end of the journey. A second fell off from his good temper for no other reason that I could see, but because I chanced to step into the coach before him and place myself on the shady side." Another then loses his temper, and "to my shame be it spoken," says the narrator, "about three miles on this side of Exeter I was taken with an unaccountable fit of sullenness, which hung upon me for above threescore miles; whether it was from want of respect, or from an accidental tread upon my foot, or from a foolish maid's calling me 'the old gentleman;' in short, when we arrived at the end of our journey, there was only one person who had not lost his temper."

The history of family quarrels is much like this. How much trouble would be avoided if brothers and sisters determined to be mutually forbearing and kind!

With young men—for small boys are frequently very good-natured—there is about the period of manhood an access of consequence, which makes them overbearing; and in trying to gain esteem, they lose it by their awkward manner. They offend generally more by want of thought than by want of feeling; and the women of their family are quick to notice their want of courtesy and politeness, from the fact of being treated, when in society, with much deference and politeness.

Why do young ladies want to go out so much to evening parties? The pleasure of looking their best, of being admired, of feeling that they are nicely dressed, may go a great way; but surely the attentions they receive when in a stranger's house, the courteous deference, the polite provision of their wants, the evident readiness with which they are listened to, go much farther.

"When I am at a party," said a young lady, "the gentlemen are so polite, that I feel I am somebody; at home I am nobody." There lies the secret of much of the love of fine dress and company of which the ladies are accused.

But the courtesies of home, or, as we have named them truly, the charities, should begin with the heads of the family. It is astonishing how little this fact is acknowledged. The first quarrel between a married pair has been hyperpoetically called, by Mrs. Gore, we think, "the first gray hair in the golden locks of Cupid." Let us hope that poor Cupid does not often get a snowy poll through such quarrels. When persons begin to quarrel at home, they frequently do not know where to stop.

This is an epitome of too many domestic quarrels. It leads to no good? it embitters life, wastes time, causes illness, indigestion, drives away love, and makes life a burden. It is for the man, as the stronger—as having generally seen and known more of the world—to set an example of forbearance and courtesy.

The woman must be odd indeed who will not yield to good nature and kindness; and certainly nine out of every ten women may be cleverly managed if the husband will try to do so. It is no loss to his dignity to be uniformly polite, to yield the best place, to give the best cut of the joint, and be equally attentive in other trivialities to his wife. What do such things matter to him?

Throughout all Nature there is a deference shown by the male to the female. A stout dog will never snarl at or bite one of the opposite sex. Stags will fight, but they hurt not the doe; and if in the animal kingdom, excepting man, no female is found to usurp or claim the first place, there is no male found to oppress and insult the female. A surly, dissatisfied, ungallant, cruel husband is often enough found amongst us, but is unparalleled in the lower ranks of creation.

The selfishness that Rochefoucauld speaks of, and to which he reduces all virtues, is humiliating enough; but it is a selfishness based upon love of praise, a desire of pleasing, an emulation of equalling pleasant and gentle people, and of gaining self-approbation by such means.

It is a thousand times better than the solitary selfishness which indulges in rudeness, boorishness, and unpoliteness at home, merely to be the little tyrant of the house, and to impress people with a petty consequence which everybody sees through, and which even its victims heartily despise.

The vanity if it be a vanity—of making people happy, of never saying an impolite word, nor doing a rude thing, of sacrificing one's self-importance to others, may by some be considered a pleasantly disguised and amiable weakness; but it will be a source of strength to those who wish to preserve the courtesies of home-life.

IT has been the fashion to separate hand-work from head-work, as if the two were incompatible. One was for laborers and mechanics, the other for professional and literary people; one was for the poor, the other for the rich. But we are gradually learning that their harmonious union is the only means of the perfection of either. Ruskin says truly: "We want one man to be always thinking, and another to be always working, and we call one a gentleman and the other an operator; whereas the workman ought often to be thinking and the thinker often to be working, and both should be gentlemen in the best sense. The mass of society is made up of morbid thinkers and miserable workers. It is only by labor that thought can be made healthy, and only by thought that labor can be made happy, and the two cannot be separated with impunity."

TRUTH is a degree of purity and of honor which is insensible to temptation. Circumstance is the occasion of vice, but no more. The seed is in the heart, and the soil has not been found in which it will refuse to grow. There are people who will "break out," as the expressive saying is, anywhere, and under any circumstances. If the tree be good, the fruit will be good; but if the tree be bad, no amount of cultivation will produce good fruit.

IT seems to be a law of our nature, intended perhaps for our preservation, that little evils, coming home to ourselves, should affect us more than great evils, at a distance, happening to others; but they must be evils which we cannot prevent, and over which we have no control, for perhaps there is no man who would lose a little finger to save China.

AT all times, in this wintry life, the presence of those we love is like a gleam of sunshine through the clouds, lighting up one particular spot amid the shadows, and giving warmth, and lustre, and loveliness, to all beneath the ray. That passing gleam still seems brighter than the full sunshine.

LOVE is king wherever he elects to plant his throne. He is as potent among the lowliest as in the palace of the mightiest emperor, and his sceptre is wielded with as much despotism as though it were studded with precious stones and held over the heads of prince and archduchess.

CONFIDENTIAL CORRESPONDENTS.

LOTTIE.—Take plenty of exercise, be regular in your habits, and it will not be long before a marked improvement in your health will be visible.

D. C. N.—The initials V. D. M., placed after a name are the abbreviation of the Latin phrase Verbi Dei Minister, signifying "Minister of the Word of God."

L. W. A.—To prevent pimples on the face, avoid very rich, salt or greasy food. Take some alternative medicine, and have plenty of exercise in the open air.

ROSIE B.—For scaly eruptions there is nothing better than a tolerably strong solution of powdered borax and water. Wash the parts affected every night and morning.

G. W. F.—1. "Quixote" is pronounced as if spelled "Kee ho-tay," with the accent on the second syllable. 2. There is no known method by which blushing can be cured, unless it be by a constant mingling with gay society. You should only be too happy in the possession of such a comparatively rare faculty.

C. W.—Full dress for an evening party consists of a swallow-tailed coat, low-cut vest, and pants of black cloth, a plain white shirt, with a standing or turned-down collar, white linen cravat, and three shirt studs of pearl or gold. The cuff buttons may be of a different pattern, if not too conspicuous, and patent leather pumps or Oxford tie are usually worn on elaborate occasion.

WILLIE.—To remove grease spots from books gently warm the greased or spotted part and press upon it pieces of blotting paper so as to absorb as much as possible. Have ready some essential oil of turpentine nearly boiling, warm the greased leaf again and apply the hot turpentine with a clean brush to both sides of the leaf; repeat the operation if necessary, and finally go over the place with another brush dipped in spirits of wine.

CHELSEA.—Astolpho, who went to the moon on his hypogriph, or horse-dragon to fetch the senses of Rolando from the moon (Rolando, the lover of Angelica, being mad), is one of the characters in Ariosto's Orlando Furioso. The poem, one of the most admired in Italian literature, ranking with Dante and Tasso, was translated by Sir John Harrington, by Hoole, and by William Stewart Rose. It is one of the grandest poems in existence, and is considered only next to Homer, Virgil, Dante, and Milton, and obtained for its author the laurel, and honor but seldom accorded in Italy.

KATE.—It is never too late to mend; but you have begun life badly. The tone of your letter is not as serious as could be desired. It is not so much the past you have to look to as the future. To have erred in any way is a reason for resolving to walk more carefully in the right path—that is, the path of wisdom and duty—in the future. Instead of being reckless, reflect that there is the highest personal need of circumspection. Make no silly resolves, but go on earnestly trying to fit the place in life to which you are called. In the way of duty you will find happiness. Real life is for the most part a prosaic business, and a sober judgment should determine every step.

Q. S.—1. The word dollar is derived from the German thaler, an abbreviation of Joachims-thaler, a piece of money first coined about the year 1518, in the valley of St. Joachim, Bohemia. 2. The dollar mark originated in the following manner: The two parallel lines represent the pillars of Hercules, which, according to ancient stories, stood at the Straits of Gibraltar, one on the rock of Gibraltar, and the other on Abyla or Ceuta, on the African coast. These mountains, Calpe and Abyla, which stand at the entrance to the Mediterranean, are still known to sailors as the pillars. Charles I., of Spain, adopted the pillars, held together by a scroll, as his device, and he had the mark placed upon the Spanish dollar.

GERALD.—Egypt is not a "province" of Turkey; nor even a dependency; but a suzerainey, as is Morocco, or Tunis, or Tripoli. Each and all of them have an independency in internal affairs, but in all foreign relations act under the supervision of the Sultan at Constantinople. The ruler of Egypt, called Khedive, is so by virtue of the Sultan's assent, and a tribute which he pays to the Sultan of three million and half dollars per year. The bond which holds all the Barbary powers and Egypt in this deference to Turkey is that the Sultan is the recognized head of the Mohammedan church. The late war was in reality a rising of the "national" element in Egypt against the English and French who have been rapidly "Christianizing" the country by managing its revenues, dividing its offices, &c.

B. X.—As to the origin of the phrase "There's many a slip betwixt the cup and the lip," it is related that there was an ancient king, Ancæos of Samos, who paid particular attention to the cultivation of the vine. On one occasion he was told by a slave, whom he was pressing with hard labor in his vineyard, that he would never taste of its product. After the vintage had been gathered in, and the wine made, Ancæos, in order to falsify the prediction, was about to raise the cup of liquor to his lips, deriding at the same time the pretended prophet (who, however, merely told him in reply that there were many things between the cup and the lip), when tidings came that a boar had broken into the vineyard. Throwing down the cup with the untasted liquor, Ancæos rushed forth to meet the animal and lost his life in the encounter. Hence arose the proverb, "Many things fall between the edge of the cup and the lips."

THE SHADOWS FLEE.

BY LONGMAN.

So silently we anchor weighed,
Stole out into the foam;
Mine eyes were on my helmsman stayed,
And all the world was home.

Oh, best-beloved ancient house,
Here, in these far-off seas,
The waves go singing like the boughs
Of your green chestnut trees.

I see them watching at the gate,
As striving to recall
A step that comes not, tho' they wait
Far through the evenfall.

Oh, fatal sea—oh, lost, lost shore—
Eternally remote—
Oh, helmsman I may see no more—
How lonely is thy boat!

Yet on with memory I sail—
Still waiting for that day
When the clouds break, when the stars fall,
The shadows flee away.

With All My Heart.

BY MRS. N. VIENNES.

NOT now. I have given it away. I may be very inferior—of course I am if you say so—but I have certainly succeeded where you have failed, Miss Vivian. I have discovered perfection, triumphantly.

"Really?" The grey eyes met his with some distrust.

"Yes, I have found a perfect woman."

"Ah! but they are not so rare. Still it was rather clever of you to find her, I admit that, only—are you sure that she is perfect?"

"Perfect in my eyes." But the thrill in his voice made Leila afraid to look into his eyes just then. Silence followed for a little space. It was an ideal summer evening, such as one only reads of nowadays, and the guests at Forest Lodge had strolled out through the drawing-room windows after dinner, scattering themselves over the terrace or the lawn. From the dim, vague flower-beds a thousand scents were uprising; inside the lighted drawing-room some one was playing a gentle unobtrusive valse. When the silence became embarassing Miss Vivian broke it by a little laugh; she had such a pretty laugh.

"Are you waiting for my congratulations, Sir Hugh?"

"No, I am waiting, I think, for—courage. If you were a man, Miss Vivian, and you had met with a perfect woman whom you had learned to love with all your heart and strength—" again that vibration in the deep voice, acknowledged by a swift burning blush upon the girl's face. "If you were torn asunder between a yearning to win her, the only woman you had ever loved, and the conviction that you were utterly unworthy to dream of such bliss—a dream indeed, and yet—and yet—Miss Vivian, what would you do?"

"Is it a rule of three sum, or worse!" she asked, assuming a puzzled air, but her voice was not quite steady. "As a perfect woman is to an imperfect man, so must a dream be to the answer."

"Tell me the answer," he pleaded in hoarse strained tones, and his hand rested now as if for support upon the old sundial, gripping the stone so hard that the veins on the hand stood out like knotted cords; the eyes noticed that.

"But you have asked no question yet."

"May I ask it."

"If you want an answer, you must."

"Then—it is this. You are the only woman I have ever loved. Will you—can you—do not mock me, Leila, for heaven's sake; this is life or death to me—can you—ever—learn to love me—a little? Oh, my darling, such a little would content me."

His husky voice failed, and she gave him no immediate answer, though she did not look in mocking mood; her beautiful face was very pale, her starry eyes soft, her lips trembled slightly.

"Don't keep me in suspense, and yet I would rather that than hear the worst. Have I been too presumptuous?—spoken too soon? Forgive me, darling, and—will you try to grant me a hope? No man could ever give you more devoted love, none could more earnestly endeavour to give you happiness. I would lay down my life for you, Leila, but Oh, my love, I cannot do without you."

And still to that uncontrollable cry of yearning, she replied never a word.

Then—after a little, with the humility of true love yet more marked, and a strain of hopelessness added, Sir Hugh made his last appeal:

"Will you think it over and tell me by-and-by if you can find it possible to—in time—I am patient, I will not hurry you—to learn to like me, dear?"

"I—am afraid—I can't."

A sound, half a sob, half a groan, escaped, then the real strength and pluck of the man asserted itself and joined hands with his chivalry.

"You shall not be tormented any more. If you could have done it, dear, I am sure you would, and I have only this to say—" very diffidently he laid his strong hand on hers—"whatever the future may hold for you I pray it may be happy—as happy as I would have striven to make it if——"

He broke off, and would have turned away, but those little fingers touching his arrested him with a sweet clinging force; two grey eyes tearful yet smiling sought and met his.

"Oh! Hugh, tiresome man, so impatient and dense. Hear me out, please. How can I learn to like you a little indeed? when—I already—(Oh! I see I must say it quite plainly or you never will understand)—I already—love you with my whole heart?"

His heart seemed to stop its pulsations; he gazed down upon the lovely, winsome, blushing face,

"Leila."

"Yes—dear?"

"This is true? You mean it?"

"I always mean what I say, at least, generally. Hugh, I mean this."

"Heaven bless you for it, my darling. Oh! my own most precious darling."

And she whispered back:

"Your darling, your very own."

She whispered it amid his tender passionate kisses.

They would have lingered by that sundial for ever, had not some misguided strollers disturbed them, and when that happened they—all covered with that bashful confusion common to the inexperienced lover—separated promptly; he strolling with much easy nonchalance towards the billiard-room window, through which one saw men knocking balls about; she wandering down the terrace steps and over the lawn to a secluded shrubbery path, in which she stood awhile, trying to realize her great happiness, and to cool her burning cheeks ere submitting them to the lights and eyes of the drawing-room.

Shadows flitted about, and some came near her; one masculine shade indeed came very close with an idea of a tete-a-tete on his own account, but the girl's sublime unconsciousness acted upon him as a snub, and he forebore to interrupt her meditation. So he mused until the deep-toned clock booming an hour which seemed impossible, startled her out of dreamland, and she hied her back to the drawing-room to find her fellow ladies yawning and retiring, while the men were already engulfed in pool. Leila had a thought that Sir Hugh might waylay her in the hall or passage just for tender good-night; she therefore wended her way to her chamber with some discretion and deliberation, but she met no one en route save Jessie Morel, her cousin.

"Well, dear!" cried that damsel archly; "and did you have a very nice flirtation under those stars? It was certainly one of considerable length."

"I was meditating—alone—half the time," stammered Miss Vivian.

"Oh! really. And the other half? Ah! we won't ask. You look very happy and—pretty," kissing her warmly. "So go and continue your dreams, my cousin."

Jessie was Leila's favorite relative, but not even to her could the girl breathe her secret to-night. It seemed too sacred to be told—sacred to him and to himself, this great throbbing happiness which she had not yet succeeded in realizing; so she only laughed a reply, kissed Jessie and bade her good-night.

The next day was cloudlessly sweet, and Leila Vivian entered the breakfast-room looking fresh and fair as the morning. Her simple white frock with just plucked pink roses at throat and waist suited her, so did the ready smile on her lips, and the deep sweet tenderness in her eyes, but Sir Hugh Dalrymple was not there to note those facts.

"Miss Vivian," began her hostess," what have you been doing to banish Sir Hugh? He had departed when I came down this morning, evening a letter full of excuses for his sudden flight, most palpable excuses every one, not a valid reason among them."

She was handing Leila a cup of tea as she spoke, and when she saw her guest's face she wished her light words unsaid. She, like every one else at Forest Lodge, had been aware of a vivid flirtation between the baronet and the beauty, but to-day she got her first suspicion of something more serious. Luckily Jessie Morel caught sight of Leila's face also, and with quick tact she introduced another subject which her hostess was glad to snap up and enlarge upon.

Only Miss Vivian herself said nothing and was not aware that she had left a question unanswered. "Gone away!" the words tolled in her ears like a funeral knell, her heart turned sick, her body faint, the merry sunlight was all blotted awhile—then he recovered and smiled at her stupidity. "Of course he would write and explain everything."

And sure enough when she entered her room after breakfast, there she saw a letter in a handwriting which she knew, because she had once received a formal little note about something from Sir Hugh Dalrymple.

She smiled as she picked up the envelope, touching it tenderly; she smiled as she tore it open, she was smiling still when she began to read:

"We both made a mistake last night. I entreat you to forgive it and forget it, as I shall endeavor to do. Our union could only be one of misery, therefore I leave you to be happy in another way. I am going abroad immediately.—HUGH DALRYMPLE."

"What does it mean? what does it mean?" the girl cried out; then she clasped her hands convulsively and stood like a stone figure. She had heard that men were like this, but he had stood apart from all other men. She had given him her entire faith as well as her entire love, and she could not understand it.

Her cry had been louder than she knew and Jessie Morel came running in; she (after she had picked up and read for herself the fallen note) understand better than her cousin, and she was very gentle and sensible in her ministrations.

Bit by bit the stony cheek softened, by degrees that dreadful smile left the white face, and at last Leila Vivian had strength and courage to look her agony in the face.

"Make him explain more fully, you have a right to that!" Jessie ventured once.

The proud little auburn head made a negative gesture.

"Never. Had he been poor and obscure I might have taken some step—I cannot tell. His title and his wealth make it impossible."

* * * * * *

Time (four years) went on and Miss Vivian remained unmarried; she also remained unspoiled. Trouble, which turns some tempers sour, and constant pain, which like constant dropping of water, hardens many natures, had a different effect upon Leila's; her continual heartache made her able to sympathise with all others in pain; she was tenderly pitiful and helpful towards any fellow sufferer, whatsoever the burden or the sorrow; and her vivid memory of that summer morning when her own life's sunshine had been blotted out made her consciously endeavor to brighten the dark days of others; therefore she was never wholly unhappy, and her fair spiritualle face gained a new charm: there was a deeper, more alluring sweetness in her grey eyes and never a bitter thing upon her tongue to counteract it.

It was not Leila's fault if she and her cousin had drifted somewhat apart; circumstances came between, and years have an estranging power, it was Leila's doing that in spite of circumstances or years she kept in touch with Jessie, and the two cousins were together by the sad sea waves one summer's day when a terrific thunderstorm broke over the earth.

It caught the girls in the open, and with a rush they made for the shelter of the cliff, where beneath an overhanging rock they crouched, trembling and panting, covering their eyes as the lightning flashed zigzag in one continuous blinding glare, covering their ears as the thunder cracked and rolled like the crack of doom. Since babyhood Jessie had trembled in a thunderstorm; the electricity unhinged her nerves, her terror was singular and pitiable, and now as this storm increased until its awful grandeur spoke indeed of Almighty power, she worked herself into a very frenzy of fear, and lost her self-control.

"This is a judgment on me; it is the anniversary of the day on which I did it," she broke out suddenly in a shrill screaming voice which somehow reached Leila's ear above the tempest's roar. "I will repent; I will confess; I am sorry now; I separated you from Hugh Dalrymple, Leila. I loved him desperately; I wanted him for myself. When I heard him declare his love for you that evening I could have killed you both as you stood, but I thought of something else. You parted; he went towards the house, then turned back to join you again, but meanwhile you had wandered on and Captain Anson had followed you. Hugh was wildly jealous of Anson's attentions to you, I know. I ran into the shrubbery and hid there."

The crash of the storm had momentarily lulled, and Leila could hear every word of the rapid confession which a selfish craven fear alone impelled.

"I could see that Fred Anson passed you by, but Hugh only knew that he had followed you, and as you stood fair to see in your white gown on the dark path, there was a shadow by your side, which looked like a man. I noted that as I called up my ventriloquial powers, which have been my curse. I imitated your voice exactly and threw it where you stood, and in that moment you turned your head towards the shadow and the illusion was complete. I said, 'I have accepted Sir Hugh because he is rich and titled and my people insist upon my marrying him; but, Fred, you know, ah, you will ever know, I love you alone. Darling, you should pity instead of blame. I must marry Hugh Dalrymple, and it breaks my heart to give up—you.' He heard every word, for I saw him stop and stagger and make as if he would dash at you, but fortunately for me he altered his mind, and to my intense relief just quietly turned and strode away. You stood dreaming; lost in a dream never to be realized; you heard and suspected nothing. Next morning you awoke. My treachery brought me nothing, for Hugh went off to South Africa, and now you know he is married to some one else."

"Yes, now he is married—to some one else—and you did this for me, Jessie. You!"

The hard ringing voice reached Jessie's ears at the same moment in which a fresh glare scorched her eyes, and she threw out her hands convulsively.

"Forgive, you must forgive, Leila," she shrieked. "I shall not be pardoned if you don't forgive; I shall be struck dead, I know it. I feel it—coming."

Leila was struck silent, she drew away from that abject crouching figure and battled with herself. Anything else she could have forgiven; this had darkened his life as well as her own. Any one else she might have pardoned, but Jessie, who had never received aught but good at her hands; upon whom she (Leila) had showered benefits, how could she forgive her—this?

When Jessie's ventriloquial talent (which as the girl rightly said had been her curse) had beguiled her upon the stage, and she had sickened of the disappointing life and yearned vainly to escape, she had appealed to Leila to break her bonds, and the latter with ready money and brains had cut the knot of difficulty, set the silly girl free, and had moreover preserved the secret of her escapade. She had not deserved treachery and injury at Jessie's hands; she listened in silence to her shrieks for pardon.

"I will write to Sir Hugh. I will confess fully. I will do anything to atone. Oh, spare me, save me! Forgive as you would be forgiven, Leila." Terror touched now despair.

But the other's strength was not equal to the demand. Battling with her own heart, struggling, she stood amid the blinding glare and the bewildering roar, until—as the very rocks seemed riven by a mightier crash than had yet befallen, and Jessie fell on her face as one paralyzed, Leila raised her eyes, and they saw—a huge rock over Jessie's head swaying, tottering, hesitating, ere it crushed the prostrate form; then Leila won her battle and got her strength.

With a rapidity of movement and a might superhuman, she seized her cousin and dragged her aside even as the rock descended. The huge mass missed the traitress but by a hair's breadth, and its splinters struck and wounded both girls, also Leila sprained her exertion, but when she knew that she had saved Jessie's life, she knew also that she had forgiven her.

* * * * * *

By the ordinary chance of every-day life they met again, once more.

Leila Vivian was one of a house party gathered in the autumn at Moat Castle, and on the day of her arrival there, on her first descent into the drawing-room, she saw a great many strange faces, male and female, and among them one face not strange at all, only too strangely familiar.

It had altered in some of its familiar lines, it had thinned, aged, browned, but Leila did not notice that immediately, because the instant her eyes met Sir Hugh Dalrymple's all the chairs and the tables and the strange men and women began to

gyrate and mingle together in a way sufficiently embarrassing to one desirous of threading a way through their midst.

Leila gave up the idea, and sat down (rather suddenly and rather behind the door) upon a chair which with ill-advised officiousness rose up to receive her.

Sir Hugh had made as if he too would cross the Axminster carpet, but probably he perceived the entanglement of furniture and guests, for he abandoned his project, and the confusion reigned until the bland voice of the butler proclaiming, "Dinner is on the table!" restored order somewhat.

A black-coated arm was offered to Leila, and by its aid she found herself at the table whereon the dinner was served; on her one side (suffused with pleasant expectancy) him whose arm she had gripped; on the other—Sir Hugh Dalrymple.

"How do you do, Miss Vivian?"

"Oh, how do you do—Sir Hugh?" She affected a pretty surprise and a delicate hesitation, suggestive of a little difficulty in recollecting his name, which must always be pleasing to a man, she also elaborated her greeting, she was so thoroughly mistress of the situation. "It is quite a long time since we met, is'nt it?"

"Four years and eight months. But looking at you one would not think it."

His voice took a tender note which we remembered, and the things upon the table began to behave absurdly. This must be stopped, the girl decreed, and forthwith conjured up a laugh from somewhere (from the embroidered toes of her new shoes, probably, for she had never heard anything like it before.)

"You are kind enough to infer that I have not gone off so much as one would expect in four years, Sir Hugh."

"You have not gone off at all," To make assurance doubly sure he fixed his eyes upon her; upon the soft waves of auburn hair, upon the sweet brow and cheeks; passing then by easy transition over the pretty mouth and milk-white neck, they were reaching the pearl gray satin of the gown when the eyes of Leila rose to confront them.

"How is Lady Dalrymple?" in the coldest, calmest, most conventional solicitude, she inquired.

"My mother? she died twelve years ago, Miss Vivian."

"I meant your wife."

"Oh! thanks; she is non-existent as yet."

"Your marriage has been delayed then? I saw the announcement of its arrangement in the papers, some time since I am sure it was."

By a certain power he had about him, he compelled her glance to meet his ere he asked very quietly, "And what did you think when you read that announcement, Leila?"

"I hoped you would be happy," simply and truly.

Dalrymple cleared his throat from a sudden and unusual huskiness. "That announcement was, I am afraid, put in by the friends of the lady. It seems incredible that any one should be so anxious to marry me, doesn't it?"

"It does, indeed."

"You read the paper by fits and starts, I fear. If you had pursued this interesting topic, you would have seen a notice contradicting my matrimonial arrangements. That was put in by me."

"Oh! really. How busy you must have been. Then" (as an after-thought) "nobody has married you up to this?"

"Nobody, up to this."

Miss Vivian turned to the neighbor who had brought her to this charming place. What a delightful room it seemed when one glanced around it; what a perfectly appointed table, and what exceedingly attractive people that selection of men and women opposite; also this bald and middle-aged man with his useful arm, how he commanded her admiration as he plodded through his menu with the true epicurean taciturnity. Leila had no further attention to spare for Sir Hugh, but when that baronet opened the door for the ladies to file out he leaned towards Miss Vivian and said imperiously:

"I must see you within five minutes. Where?"

"In the library," returned she inspired.

The library lamps were unlit, and only a blazing wood fire threw its glow over the tall man on the rug and the slim grey-gowned girl who stood resting one hand upon the table. A solid respectable library table would, Leila reflected, be scarcely likely to cut the capers which its frivolous brethren of the salon had done, therefore she decided to put confidence in this table.

"So you never married Anson after all?" Sir Hugh opened the interview.

"No. I never thought of it."

He forsook his rug; doubtless the table attracted him also. "Leila, I received a letter from your cousin Miss Morel; it was written the day after you had saved her life from a falling rock in a storm; but it did not reach me immediately; I was travelling in New Zealand, and it followed me hither and thither. When I read it, when I read it, Leila——"

"When you read it, you, I hope, believed it," she said very earnestly.

"As I believe in my own existence; as I believe in my love for you." That table had need of firmness, for two people trembling with emotion were leaning upon it, "I had never dreamed of the truth, Leila; I no more guessed Miss Morel to be a ventriloquist, than I imagined myself to be a fool, a brute a jealous monster, a madman."

"But you are convinced of both facts now?" As she spoke she smiled, and he grew bold.

"I am as certain of them as I am that in some way I will win your forgiveness yet, my—Miss Vivian."

"You will be content with my forgiveness, Sir Hugh?"

"No, upon my soul, I will not. This morning your pardon alone seemed to me an inestimable boon, too much to hope for and, heaven knows! far more than I deserve; but since I have seen you, sweeter, fairer, dearer than ever, I crave more than your forgiveness, your pity. I want you, Leila; I cannot live without you. I cannot do without you in any way or shape, my love."

"You underrate your powers. For four years you have——"

"Suffered—tortured. Deserved, I know, by my own mad stupidity; but I have courted danger and death in a thousand ways to rid me of the unbearable burden of life."

"Oh! you should not have done that. Hugh, if you had been killed." Inadvertently she removed her hands from the trusty table, stretching them out with a little gasp and shiver, and there and then Dalrymple gathered her into his arms.

"Should you have given me one pitying thought, my sweet?"

"Oh! Hugh, I have given you all my thoughts."

"But now will you alter your mode of thought a little? Keep to the pity, but give me more, darling. Try to think lovingly of me again as you did before I lost my senses——"

"Now there you make a mistake, the same you made before you lost your senses," Leila interrupted with a little laugh of bliss, and two such starry lovely tender eyes uplifted, that forthwith Dalrymple kissed them. "I shall not attempt to alter my mode of thought or affection, sir. I shall simply think of and love you now as I have thought of and loved you through those weary, dreary, empty years—with all my heart."

And the world had much to say (in fact it said everything but the truth) when, four weeks later, lovely Leila Vivian became Lady Dalrymple.

"Some Day."

BY E. A. M.

ADA, come with me into the library; I must—I will see you alone for a moment!"

"Oh, nonsense, Philip; how tiresome you are! Say what you wish to say at once. I am engaged to Lord Mordaunt for the next set, and I can't go away just now; they will be forming directly."

"You can excuse yourself to him; say you are fatigued. Let him find another partner, and you can sit the dance out with me. Surely I have a right to ask such a small favor?"

"You have a right to ask whatever you please, and I have an equal right to refuse, Philip. I do refuse to leave the ball-room at present, until the next set is finished."

"And then?" asked Philip Irvin eagerly, his clouded brow brightening for a moment.

"Then," repeated Ada Shirley, "well, then," her better nature prompting her to relent and please her lover by acquiescing in his wish, "then I may very likely have a few minutes to spare, which I may bestow upon you if you are very meek, and promise not to look like a horrid Bluebeard at me again;" and she looked at him with a half-winning, half-defiant smile which her lover generally found irresistible, but which failed to win an answering smile just now.

"I have no wish to be a tyrant to you, Ada. You know that your happiness is my daily study, but I cannot submit to such treatment as I have received at your hands to-night."

"I do not understand you," said Ada pettishly, but at this moment Sydney Roland, a handsome young fellow of her own age, and quite as poor as herself, approached and claimed her as his partner in the "Polo Quadrille" now forming, and soon in that merriest of quadrilles Ada forgot her gloomy monitor, and flirted recklessly, as was her wont in company at all times, I am sorry to say.

Meanwhile Philip stood and watched her angrily. He was a man of great wealth and talents, fifteen years her senior. He might have chosen a wife from among the noblest and fairest in the land, but he preferred to woo gay laughing Ada Shirley, the eldest daughter of a country clergyman with a small stipend and large family.

No sooner was the dance ended than Philip claimed Ada's promise, and led her away from the ball-room. He was seriously angry, yet her gay childlike manners and witty tongue had almost restored his good humor, so that instead of coldly handing her a seat, as he had intended to do, he he took her in her arms directly they were done, and fondly whispered:

"Darling Ada, you are very dear to me; but oh, why do you torment me so? If you do not care for me, tell me so honestly, and I will go away and never trouble you again."

"No, no, dear Philip, don't go away! I do love you. I could never be happy now without you!"

The loving words completed Philip's conquest. Peace was now restored, and lasted for some minutes, until at length Ada said:

"Oh, Philip, what is the time? I hear the music beginning, and I promise this valse to Sydney."

Philip's brow darkened again. Could it be possible that this girl loved him, when she was so anxious to leave his society to go whirling round the room with a man of whom she knew he, her future husband, disapproved?

So now he said coldly:

"As you are so fully engaged to night, Ada, that I cannot have five minutes of your society, I may as well make my adieux at once to you and Mrs. Ainsleigh, as I shall not stay any longer."

All the pride and wilfulness of Ada's nature rose against what she considered her lover's tyranny, and she answered, her tone as cold as his own:

"Very well, Philip; if you are not enjoying the ball, perhaps you had better go. Anyhow do not stay an hour longer on my account."

"I take you at your word, Ada; but remember, if I leave you to-night because you prefer another man's society to mine, I go altogether. I will never, if I can avoid it, see you again?"

"As you please," Ada replied, trying to make her tones careless and steady.

Without another word he led her to the ball-room. Dancing had not recommenced, but a girl was singing, and the words uttered fastened themselves on Ada's mind, and remained with her for many a weary year:

Some day, some day, I shall meet you
Love, I know not when or how,
Only this, only this, that once you loved me;
Only this, I love you now!

The song and music softened her. Would Philip really go away and leave her? He had been so kind, so tender and considerate, that her life had been a perfect dream of happiness since her engagement to him. She looked up at him; he was white with pain and anger.

"I cannot let him go away," she thought; but alas! for her good resolution, Sydney approached, and with an assurance that bordered upon impertinence to Philip, said:

"Come, Ada, this is my first valse to-night with a partner worth having. Now we will both enjoy a good dance!"

One angry glance at Sydney, another at Ada, who had mechanically let go her lover's arm as though to take his rival's, and with a bow and coldly uttered "Good-evening," Philip was gone.

Yes, gone for ever, Ada felt; but too proud to let her sorrow and humiliation appear, she valsed with Sydney, who found her anything but the lively partner he had anticipated, with the words still ringing in her ears and echoing in her heart:

"I love you now! I love you now!"

Next day the news was spread over society that the engagement between Mr. Philip Irvine and Miss Ada Shirley had been suddenly broken off, and that the gentleman had gone abroad for an indefinite period. Bitter indeed was Ada's repentence, and sad were the days that followed.

Mrs Ainsleigh was very angry at her folly, as she called it, and sent her back to her home in disgrace.

"I want nothing more of any young lady whom I chaperon than ladylike conduct and decorous behavior, but Ada Shirley has trangressed every rule of good breeding, and female modesty is outraged by her conduct. Not only had she driven Philip Irvine away, and made herself the laughing-stock of all our circle, but she has caused a rupture between our family and the Montaiths, who are our oldest friends, by her encouragement of Sydney's ridiculous pretensions, when she should have considered him but a foolish boy, beneath her notice, remembering who had honored her with his preference, especially as Sydney had been all but engaged to Clarice Montaith before she appeared on the scene. I wash my hands of such a girl."

And this terrible verdict being sent home with her, Ada's life was made unbearable by her father's unappeasable displeasure, and her mother's constant moaning over her ruined prospects.

Not one word or sign from Philip; he evidently intended the separation to be final. Not a sign, that they even remembered her existence, from the crowd of friends and lovers who had flattered and petted her when she was the belle of London society. Poor Ada's life was dreary indeed!

But one lovely spring day a year after, Ada was sitting busily sewing, and thinking of that happy past which could never return, when the slatternly housemaid ushered in Sydney Roland.

Ada sprang to her feet, a flush of pain and shame crimsoning her face, as her boy-lover came forward, and looking with great commiseration at her tearful eyes, said:

"Ada, I consider they treated you shamefully, and as it was all my fault I've come to ask you to marry me! I shall be twenty-one next year, and my own master, I am not so rich as that old bear, but I can keep you very comfortably, and I'll do my best to make you happy!"

"You are very good, Sydney," faltered Ada, "and I am very grateful to you, but I cannot marry you, and please don't call Philip an old bear!"

"Why, Ada, what now? You don't mean to tell me you care for him after his shabby treatment of you? Do you think I'd have gone and left"—here Sydney hesitated and stammered, as he saw Ada's eyes fixed keenly on him, but he went on hastily—"you or any girl, because she danced with another fellow, and liked a bit of fun? I should think not, indeed."

"You would not have given up Clarice dear Sydney, I quite believe; and oh, if you want to do something for me, to make me a little less miserable, go and marry her now, do not think of me. You love her, in spite of your noble resolve to marry me, because you blamed yourself for my folly, and I know she still loves you. Oh, go to her, and make her happy, and give me the comfort of knowing that I have not sundered you two, and spoilt your lives as well as my own."

"You're a right-down brick, Ada," responded Sydney, flushing to the roots of his hair. "I believe I—I am rather fond of Clarice still, and since you do care for the old—I beg your pardon—for Mr. Irvine, why, I'll just go back and tell Clarice I'm sorry, and we shall be all right again."

He departed, and in a few weeks Ada, whose real nature was pure and unselfish, was rejoiced to hear that their marriage-day was fixed, and their respective families, as well as themselves, reunited.

* * * * * *

Four years had passed—years of added misfortune to the Shirley family.

Philip Irvine had just returned, and sitting at his club, took up the evening paper, and scanned it carelessly.

Suddenly he dropped it, with a violent start. Taking it up again, trembling with excitement, he read:

"Ada Shirley, who is accused of being concerned in a jewel robbery, with others not in custody, from the house of Mr. Grimstone, the well-known picture-dealer, was remanded till to-morrow for further evidence."

"How foolish I am! After all these years of travel and change, I cannot see her name without a pang. Of course, it is only an accidental coincidence—she is doubtless Mrs. Sydney Roland, and the mother of his children! I certainly thought I was cured, but it takes a long time."

Next day, the prison-cell door slowly opened, and Philip Irvine stood face to face with Ada Shirley—his Ada, the only

woman whom he had ever loved, changed indeed, but the same to him in poverty and disgrace as when she had been the flattered belle of a London ball-room.

With a bitter cry, she shrank away from him, and covered her face.

"Darling," he murmured, bending over her and speaking with even more than his old tenderness, "I know not what has brought you here, or by what terrible series of misfortunes your life is so changed, but I see you are lonely and helpless, and I am here to be your friend. Tell me all, and let me help you."

Ada's story, sad but not uncommon, was soon told. Her father had died suddenly in his vestry one day; her mother and the younger children were with some relatives; she, with two brothers, had tried to get a living in London. One of them drew and painted, and she had been in the habit of taking the sketches to a dealer who disposed of them for her.

Two or three weeks before this man had dared to insult her with an offer of his love, his wife being alive, though separated from him on account of his violence and jealousy, and his proposal being repulsed with scorn, he had falsely accused her of being implicated in the jewel robbery.

Her brothers were penniless, and quite unable to procure counsel for her, and Ada had resigned herself to her dreadful fate, when her heart was suddenly cheered by the sound of Philip's voice, like an angel of mercy, in her cell.

Nothing that love could do was left undone, and Ada was soon released from her perilous position, and declared perfectly innocent. Philip hesitated to seek her love fearing that she had really loved Roland, and not himself, until he happened to meet that young gentleman, and heard how Ada had refused him and sent him back to Clarice.

So, after all, Ada became Philip's loved and happy wife, and the song she had once dreaded to hear, because it reminded her of happy days in the past she had never hoped to enjoy again, she now sings herself, and the love-light in her eyes sends a thrill of happiness to her husband's heart as he hears he declare, "I love you now—I love you now!"

The Unlucky Bag.

BY J. A. C.

THE hottest hour of a real Brazilian summer day was brooding over Larangeiras (Orange Groves), the great suburb of Rio de Janeiro; and all was as still as death. The vast banner-like leaves of the tall palms, which formed a complete avenue up the centre of the famous "Botanical Garden, drooped languidly on the hot, breezeless air; and a wide-winged vulture that was seen outlined like a black blot far up against the deep, cloudless blue of the tropical sky, hung motionless, as if slumbering on the wing.

Not a living thing was to be seen about the silent streets, except here and there a black man fast asleep in the protecting shadow of a gateway. The Venetian blinds of the principal houses were closed to keep out the glaring sunlight; and their masters, outstretched upon beds, lounges, or hammocks, were taking the midday nap which is the most sacred and cherished of all the national institutions in South America.

In the midst of this universal silence and repose, a face rose cautiously above the courtyard wall of a large house at the corner of one of the main thoroughfares.

It was a human face; but there was very little that could be called human in that sickly yellow complexion; those sharp, fang-like teeth showing themselves in a hideous grin beneath the bristly mustache; those small, deep-set, cruel eyes; or the wolfish look of mingled cunning and ferocity with which they kept glancing restlessly around.

This stealthy prowler was a Brazilian mulatto, one of those wretches who combining the craft of the white man with the savageness of the black, seem to possess all the vices of both their parent races without the virtues of either, and who (as any one who has ever visited the great prison at Rio de Janeiro will have learned for himself) are capable of any crime which does not require courage.

That the new comer was after no good was abundantly evident, not only from the cat-like stealthiness of all his movements, but also from the strange mode of approach that he had chosen, by scaling a large tree which thrust out one of its strongest limbs over the top of the courtyard wall. Having crept along it as far as it would bear his weight, the thief—for such he manifestly was—stopped short, glanced keenly on every side of him, listened intently for a few moments, and then, as if satisfied that no one was stirring, and that the way was clear for his further operations, he let himself down as far as possible by his hands, and then dropped noiselessly on to his bare feet upon the smooth pavement of the patio (court).

Nothing stirred; all remained still and lifeless as before. It was plain that this intrusion had been wholly unobserved; and the uninvited guest, with a covetous sparkle in his rat-like eyes, glided as silently as a shadow across the deserted courtyard up to the door of the house itself.

Had the worthy mulatto ever read the world-famous legend of the Sleeping Beauty in the Wood he might well have been reminded of it by the scene which presented itself to his eyes as he entered the silent mansion. The black porter was asleep on his bench, the little mulatto maid was asleep on her mat, the big house dog was asleep on the floor. Even the noisy parrot was quiet for once, being sound asleep upon the swinging perch of its gilded cage.

But our honest Master Lopez had just then something more practical to occupy his thoughts than fairy tales; and, in truth, no fairy tale could have offered to his imagination anything a tenth part as attractive as the various valuables which he saw on every side of him.

Now for it! In a trice this amateur tax-collector had annexed a small French clock, two watches, a jeweled paper cutter, and sundry other knickknacks of equal value, while carefully avoiding every object which was too bulky or too unaccommodating in shape to go easily into his capacious pockets, or into the small pouch that hung at his left side.

At length the golden harvest was fully reaped, and the rejoicing thief was just preparing to depart, carrying with him the richest booty that had fallen in his way for many a month past, when, as he stole back towards the outer entrance, he caught sight of something which arrested his steps.

Just behind the door, and partly concealed by the half-drawn curtains which masked its deep archway, the plunderer's quick eyes espied a large leathern bag, the mouth of which was so carefully secured as fully to warrant the conclusion that it must contain something of special value.

Such a chance was not to be thrown away, and the greedy robber chuckled over it with covetous glee.

"What fine sport it would be," said he to himself, "if I were to light upon something, just at the last minute, worth more than all the other things put together! My best thanks to those careless fools of servants for leaving it here all ready for me. Here goes to see what it is, any how!"

And sure enough he did see the next moment, in a way that he little expected.

Scarcely had he undone the bag and thrust his hand into it, when he felt something bite his forefinger so sharply that he snatched it out again with a howl of pain.

But along with the hand he brought out a small snapping turtle, holding on like grim death.

As most people know, the pinch of a thumbscrew or the snap of a pair of garden shears would be merciful compared with the bite of these formidable creatures, whose tenacity is such that when they have once made good their hold, the hardest blows cannot force them to relax it. Bitterly enough, now that it was too late, did the wretched mulatto, as he vainly strove to free himself from his tormentor, curse his own folly in not leaving untouched this new kind of lottery bag; out of which he had just drawn such a singularly unlucky prize.

Very unlucky, in truth, was it destined to prove to him. The cry of pain which all his caution and self-command had failed to repress, awoke the house dog, which sprang up at once, barking furiously, flew at the thief, and—as if in order to allay the pain of his bitten hand by a little counter irritation—made its teeth meet in the calf of his leg.

The clamor of the enraged dog and the outcries of the writhing robber woke up in a trice the whole of the slumbering household, and brought upon the scene of action, first and foremost, the master of the house himself; secondly, three or four of his guests; and last, but certainly not least, a round dozen of stalwart negro servants who pounced upon Master Lopez and secured him, just as the tenacious snapping turtle and the finger which it held dropped off together.

PART BELIEF.—In Mr. Herbert Barry's account of things as he saw them in Russia, during his residence there, he remarks upon the simplicity of the peasant character as it appears in "quiet, self-sufficient little villages, whose inhabitants never wander far from the place of their birth, and scarcely know the name of the nearest town." One such village he used to visit on occasional shooting expeditions after bear and elk, which were to be found in the neighboring forests.

I always stayed at the house of one Starosta, a very old man, whose wife was still active and lively at seventy years of age. She used to interest herself vastly in the conversation that passed between me and her husband.

This man, a forester, was a remarkable character. By intelligent industry and perseverance he had raised himself from the station of a common serf to the management of woods greater in extent than many a German principality.

He had given his son a liberal education, and was himself a man of inquiring disposition, anxious to get information on all sorts of subjects. Our long discussions of things in general, and the world's recent history in particular, were highly amusing, if a little perplexing, to the old lady who sat and listened to them.

One morning I was sitting before the stove, talking with the forester about the British Constitution, and happened to mention our gracious Queen. At that moment the old lady broke into the conversation.

"You will excuse me," she said, "that I do not speak English. I hear you always talking about your Queen Victoria; now, I want to know what does she do for our Emperor, because of course she lives at Petersburg?"

"At Petersburg?" I said. "No, she lives in her own country—my country—England."

"What part of Russia is England?" asked the old lady.

"England is not in Russia at all. It is another country by itself."

But I could not convince her of that. She had never heard of any other country that was not Russia, and nothing would make her believe in its existence. She could not get over it for a long time, and continually repeated to her husband—

"Only fancy, his trying to tell me there is another country beside Russia!"

SCENES FROM POLICE COURTS.—"Whom do you find the most difficult witness to report?" asked the writer of an old police-court reporter.

"Decidedly a woman with a grievance," he readily replied. "A Pole in a passion is bad; an Irishman denouncing an enemy is equally so; a German speaking broken English is a terror; a Frenchman rendering meaningless his words by ejaculations is still more deplorable; but none of these can hold a candle to a woman with a grievance. If Sam Weller had ever happened to have been a reporter he would have overlooked the widow and warned his friends to beware of a woman with a grievance. By the way, I can always tell the profession of a man by the manner in which he gives his testimony. The actor, the commercial traveler, the doctor—all carry their profession with them into the witness box."

WOMEN IN RUSSIA.—Russia, so far behind other countries in other respects, is at all events in advance as regards its treatment of women, of which there is just now another illustration. By Imperial ukase it has been settled that in future women physicians may practice everywhere within the Russian empire, provided they wear a badge supplied by the Crown, indicative of their calling. Moreover, women are to enjoy special privileges in practising in female hospitals, as well as charitable institutions, gymnasia, and schools for young women. Finally, the ukase lays down special regulations for the appearance and giving evidence in court of female physicians, so that womanly modesty shall not be outraged by some impertinent cross-examination.

Of the 362 Kansas cities only 16 have more than 5000 inhabitants, 315 have less than 2000, 236 have less than 1000, and 10 have less than 100 inhabitants apiece. At the date of the last census the incorporated cities of Avilla and Appomattox in that State rejoiced in the sum total of 34 inhabitants each.

AT HOME AND ABROAD.

A Newton county, Mo., woman has sued the Spitting Railroad Co., on the following claim: "She was a passenger on the road, and was accidentally carried beyond her destination some distance, when the train stopped and she alighted. While returning she was chased by a bull, and, in outrunning him, impaired her health."

"The amount of moisture a letter of two or three pages will carry," says a business man, "is enormous, and is frequently heavy enough to turn the scale and call for more postage. A large batch of mail matter of mine was reported 'held for postage' not long ago, and on going to the post-office I found it weighed well within its limit. It was explained, however, that the mail was damp when delivered, and that the water soaked up by the paper must be paid for, although it has since evaporated, which seems to indicate that it is economical to copy letters at least an hour or two before mailing them."

A discovery of buried treasure has just been made in a remarkable manner in the Parliament Hill Fields between Hampstead and Highgate, London. A boy named James Barrington Haynes, aged three years, the son of a railway contractor living near Parliament Hill, was amusing himself by digging with a wooden spade in the fields, when he discovered buried in the soil several articles of solid silver, manufactured, it is supposed, 200 or 300 years ago. The articles comprise two pilgrims' bottles, two candlesticks and a cup, and weigh together nearly 60 ounces. The articles are valued at about £100.

The Columbia is gold-bearing at any point, but none but the Chinese seem to make it pay. A Chinaman who has washed the bars of the river for twelve years, tells a Wenatchee, Washington paper, that any of them bear gold; that under favorable conditions his countrymen can make from $1 75 to $2 per day; that the reason why white men cannot succeed is because they do not use care enough in saving the gold, which is exceedingly fine. The Chinaman use a great deal of quicksilver and run water through the sluices very slowly; the American is in too big a hurry, and floats away the gold. It is quite hard work, as the dirt must be lifted very high.

The Queen has lately had sent to Osborne House a large collection of Dutch dolls, which she had dressed herself, when she was a little girl, in the costumes of all the nationalities of the world. They were accidentally found by Sir Henry Ponsonby at Buckingham Palace, and on his communicating the fact to her Majesty she at once commanded that they should be sent to Osborne. Since the arrival of the puppets they have been photographed, seated on chairs and sofas, in a specially arranged room. An illustrated article, with a letter-press description of them, and revised by an illustrious personage, will appear in the coming number of one of the magazines. The Queen's acquaintance with the various costumes so exemplified will make the record most interesting.

A serious disturbance occurred on the Place de Jaude, at Clermont Ferrand, on a late evening. A negro tamer of the American Circus, named Jackers, quarreled with and stabbed a workman. He then took to flight, pursued by a large crowd, whose object was to lynch him. Saved from the crowd by the police, Jackers took refuge in a lion's cage in the circus. The tent was immediately surrounded by an exasperated multitude, who had a regular fight with the police and a number of soldiers. The authorities succeeded with great difficulty in preventing the rioters from cutting the ropes holding the scaffolding of the circus together. After several hours order was restored, and Jackers, who had been calmly awaiting the end of the disturbance under the guard of his lion Sultan, came out of the cage and gave himself up to the police.

THE FREE LUNCH EATERS of New York city consume daily two tons of potato salad, a ton and a half of beans, 250 gallons of beef stew and a hundredweight of [illegible]

FREE For 30 Days, To introduce our CRAYON PORTRAITS we make the special offer [illegible]
a Colored Picture Photograph of any picture of your [illegible]
Opposite New German

Our Young Folks.

MOLLY OR MAX.

BY MARION BROWNE.

"MOLLY and Max are in bed," said Clarchen; "now I think we shall be able to talk things over quietly."

"Molly and Max are in bed," said mother; "they can't get into any more mischief to-day."

"The house is so quiet; I suppose Molly and Max must be in bed," said father.

So Clarchen and mother sat down on the big sofa, to talk over all that was to be done on Clarchen's wedding, and on the evening before the wedding day—the "Polterabend," as Clarchen called it, and as it is always called in Germany. Before a German wedding there is very often a party at the bride's house on the Polterabend, and Clarchen, who was to be married to an officer, wished for something entertaining and amusing at her party. So Clarchen and mother sat down on the big sofa to talk it all over.

"We shall not be disturbed," said Clarchen, "for Molly and Max are in bed."

If Clarchen had not been so sure that Molly and Max were in bed she might have noticed a queer sound which came from beneath the big sofa—a sound as if someone were laughing and someone else were trying to stop laughing; but Clarchen was full of the Polterabend.

"I think we will have tableaux, mother," said Clarchen. "Tableaux would be very pretty."

"And Molly and Max might take part," said mother.

From beneath the sofa there was a sound as if someone were clapping their hands. Mother jumped up quickly.

"Clarchen," she whispered, "there's someone or something underneath the sofa. Let us fetch father."

"There can't be anyone," said Clarchen; but she looked rather uncomfortable, and when mother walked out of the room she followed quickly.

"Why couldn't you keep quiet?" said an indignant voice. "We should have found out all about it."

Then from beneath the sofa first one head, and then another, appeared. Of course, one was Max's and the other Molly's; but which was which? No stranger could have told, for both had the same fair hair, the same blue eyes, and the same rosy cheeks.

"We must run," said Molly. "If we are caught——"

But it was too late. Father, mother and Clarchen came into the room as the children were scrambling out from their hiding-place.

"Molly and Max, of course!" said Clarchen. "We might have guessed."

"We wanted to hear all about the party," said Max.

"You always talk over all the interesting things when we are in bed," said Molly.

Mother tried to look cross.

"May we be in the tableaux?" asked Max.

"Certainly not!" said Clarchen.

They are taken back to bed and scolded but as they went up stairs Molly whispered to Max, "We will be in the tableaux."

Clarchen, however, did not want the children. "They will get into mischief," she said; and nobody could deny that the twins were always in mischief.

So the tableaux were arranged, and Molly and Max were left out.

The Polterabend arrived at last, and everyone was as busy as busy could be. Molly and Max were everywhere. They tried on the dresses to be worn in the tableaux; they pulled the curtain which was to hang in front of the tableaux up and down; they whispered on the stairs, and father nearly tumbled over them. Clarchen sighed, and mother and father looked grave.

But when the company began to appear, Molly in her best dress, and Max in his new suit, appeared too, and two better-behaved children were never seen. They sat in a corner together, and shook hands with everyone politely; and though Molly did say to Max that the Frau General, the bridegroom's mother, "was an ugly old thing," the Frau General did not hear, which, perhaps, was as well.

Then the time for the tableaux came, and Molly and Max were really helpful. They ran messages, and fetched things which had been forgotten, and made themselves generally useful.

There were to be six tableaux altogether—three in the first part and three in the second; and between the two parts father was to sing two songs, as they were many dresses to be changed.

The first three tableaux were shown, and everyone was pleased. Then Clarchen and her friends went away to change their dresses, and father began his song.

"They ought to move about more quietly behind the curtain," said the Frau General as there was a sound of whispering and of a stool falling to the ground.

Father began the second verse of his song, but he looked uneasily at the curtain, wondering who could be behind it, and what was happening. He knew that Clarchen and all who were taking part in the tableaux were in the other room.

The noises and whispering ceased, however, and father was singing his third verse loudly, when, to the astonishment of everyone, the curtain slowly rose; not smoothly, as it had risen before, but with many jerks and jumps.

"What is it?" said the Frau General.

"How pretty!" said her next-door neighbor.

It was pretty; a small figure, dressed in a long gown and peaked cap, sat on a low form. In one hand was an old mug which was to appear in a market scene in one of the tableaux, and in the other a large mangel-wurzel, one of the vegetables from the scene. But the pretty part of the picture was the bonnie rosy face, with the bright blue eyes, which peeped out from the cap. Was it Molly's, or was it Max's?

Father stopped in the middle of the song, and stared at the picture. Then a little laugh was heard, and the curtain fell.

"What is the picture called?" asked the Frau General. "I don't quite understand it."

"We shall see it again," said her next-door neighbor.

But the tableaux was not shown again, for mother had disappeared behind the curtain. Of course, nobody was there, neither Molly nor Max; but mother found the twins in their bed room. They were standing in the middle of the room, looking—well, looking rather frightened. Between them, on the floor, lay a black gown.

Mother looked at the children and picked it up. It was one that had been used in a play at the children's birthday party.

"Molly and Max," began mother——

Clarchen came hurrying into the room.

"Mother," she said, "have you seen the mug, the one with the lid? It is missing; and will you come directly——"

"Here is the mug," said mother. "I am coming. Molly and Max, I wish you to stay up here," and she left the room with Clarchen.

"Perhaps we ought not to have done it," said Molly. "Mother is cross with us."

"I'm afraid it was naughty," said Max; "but they were surprised. And did you hear the ugly old thing say, 'What is the picture called?'"

"The gown looked fine," said Molly; "but if mother is cross, I wish we hadn't done it."

"So do I," said Max.

Mother called them downstairs when the tableaux were over, and the twins looked very sober.

"Oh! these are the children," said the Frau General. Then she turned to Clarchen: "The fourth tableau, the children's tableau, was one of the prettiest. What was it called?"

"The children's tableau?" said Clarchen.

"Yes, the one in which one of the children took part. I didn't quite understand it," said the Frau General. "And which child was it? Was it Molly, or was it Max?"

The Frau General beckoned to the twins and they walked across to her, with red cheeks and eyes cast down.

"What is your tableau called?" asked the Frau General, "and was it Molly or Max?"

Many people asked the same question that evening, for the story of the tableau was soon whispered round the room, and Molly and Max were teased by everyone.

"I wish we hadn't done it," said Molly to Max, as they went to bed.

"So do I," said Max. "But, Molly, we didn't tell, did we?"

"No," said Molly, smiling, "we didn't tell; and I'm sure if the Frau General asked once, she must have asked fifty times. She kept on saying, 'Was it Molly, or was it Max? I don't understand.'"

SELF-FORGETFULNESS AND ITS RESULTS.—Do not think too much of your faults, still less of other's faults. In every person who comes near you, look for what is good and strong; know that; rejoice in it, and, as you can, try to imitate it, and your faults will drop off like dead leaves when their time comes. If, on looking back, your whole life should look rugged as a palm-tree stem, still never mind so long as it has been growing, and has its grand green shade of leaves and weight of honied fruit at the top. And even if you cannot find much good in yourself at last, think that it does not much matter to the universe either what you were or are; think how many people are noble if you cannot be so, and rejoice in their nobleness.

HAPPY HOMES.—We pity the man, however prosperous his pecuniary condition, or however great his fame, who has not a happy home. A happy home is the heaven of this life. Yet many of our most distinguished men have not been fortunate in this respect. They have been made to feel how unsatisfactory was the world's applause, or the possession of official power, while all was cold and heartless or unsympathizing in their private homes. All these unhappy matches have not always, or generally, been made from motives of ambition. They have seemingly been the misfortune of chance. But what a terrible misfortune! All the distinctions in the world afford no compensation for such a deprivation. There is something inexplicable about many unhappy matches. A young couple marry from actual preference for each other, and from no motive but sincere affection; but a want of congeniality is subsequently developed, and a wretched home for life is the result. Blessed indeed, and most highly favored, are they whose homes from the beginning to the end are always happy.

FROM THE MODERN NOVEL.—Faithful to her promise, and with beating heart, she noiselessly glided along the dimly lit corridor, in which reigned the awful stillness of death.

At the door of the "blue chamber" she paused for an instant, and giving one swift, frightened glance around, disappeared into the recesses of that mysterious apartment, within whose walls lay hidden the silent family secret of Grammore Grange.

A moment later a sudden, piercing shriek rang out upon the midnight air—a cry startling in its agonizing wail.

Without delay the door was rapidly burst open by the hastily-awakened household, when, to their horror, amazement, a heart-rending sight met their gaze.

Crouching in a corner, her eyes transfixed in terror, lay Hester Hardrage, pointing to the other end of the room.

"Speak, girl," cried her father, in a voice trembling with rage; "tell me what you have seen."

"Father," she entreated, "do not reproach me—be merciful, I implore you—I saw a spider!"

CHILDREN'S STORIES.—Our general position is that there is a fair, wise moral lying hidden in sound healthy fiction, which all may read who will. It may not always lie on the surface, yet always near enough to be apparent in a good natural story, allegory, or fable. "Facts should disclose their own virtues. He who is able to benefit by a lesson will, no doubt discover it under any husk before it is stripped and laid bare to the kernel. Too much teaching hardens the heart." The youngest reader, who has any brains, and takes an interest in what he reads—as every child does who is kindly taught—gets hold of the moral for himself, without having it preached into him, and without even a reflection tagged on as an antidote to the fiction. He takes in all together, the seed and the soil in which it grows; by and by, in due season, the dainty seed will spring apace into leaf, blossom and golden fruit.

FIND fault, when you must find fault, in private, if possible, and some time after the offence, rather than at the time. The blamed are less inclined to resist when they are blamed without witnesses. Both parties are calmer, and the accused person may be struck with the forbearance of the accuser, who has seen the fault, and watched for a private and proper time for mentioning it. Never be harsh or unjust with your children or servants. Firmness with gentleness of demeanor and a regard for the feelings constitutes that authority which is always respects and valued. If you have any cause to complain of a servant, never speak hastily; wait, at all events, until you have had time to reflect on the nature of the offence.

A MARRIAGE, in which the bride was in England and the groom in Mexico, was a recent sensation.

THE WORLD'S HAPPENINGS.

The hair of a St. Louis woman is reputed to be 51 inches in length.

Twenty-five thousand people are employed in the Chicago cattle yards.

Brownsburg, Ind., boasts of a steam whistle which can be heard 12 miles.

The Russian language is to be made a regular study in the French lyceums.

German scientists think they have discovered a way to make bread from wood.

They call a bicycle "the devil's chariot" in Turkey, and the Sultan forbids its use.

Mrs. George W. Buell, of Meriden, Conn., has made a bed quilt which contains 1116 pieces of silk.

A Portland, Me., woman, who has a mania for canceled postage stamps, has over a million of them.

More than 1800 varieties of roses worthy of cultivation have been produced during the century.

The Japanese are using their imperial flower, the chrysanthemum, as a garnish for salad—and boiled, at that.

California roses are claimed to contain 20 per cent. more perfume than those grown anywhere else in this country.

A New York woman was stabbed recently by a shoemaker, because, he claims, she was continually calling him "Dutchy."

A 13-year-old Jacksonville, Ore., boy shot himself with an old musket because his father had refused to take him to the fair.

In several Florida counties a short time ago there was a shower of fine spider webs, which covered the ground for miles.

At the exhibition at the Photographic Society of Great Britain there is a photograph of Mont Blanc taken at a distance of 56 miles.

In the "Board schools" of Dundee, Scotland, which are similar to our public schools, instruction in swimming is a part of the curriculum.

Argentine Republic lays claim to the longest horse railway in the world, which runs from Buenos Ayres to San Martin, a distance of about 50 miles.

Mr. Charles O'Neill, of Kingston, N. Y., has brought suit for damages against his mother-in-law, whom he accuses of having turned his wife against him.

A Portland, Ore., Chinaman soaked his queue in coal oil. A match did the rest. His countrymen in the neighborhood attended the funeral in large numbers.

A newsboy at St. Louis jumped from a third-story window to escape a beating. When picked up his ankle was found to be broken and his head seriously injured.

Every time a cigar dealer takes a handful of cigars from a box and spreads them out before a customer he violates one of the most stringent laws of the United States.

A footpad was captured in a Hungarian town a short time ago, and with him a bear, that he had tamed and taught to grapple with pedestrians whom he desired to rob.

Alexander Campbell carried the mails on foot from Green Bay to Chicago 64 years ago. He is 90 years old now, but he set out a few weeks ago to walk over his old route.

The modern souvenir spoon doubtless owes its origin to the still existent Apostles' spoons, which in sets of 12 or less were a common Christmas gift in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries.

A New Yorker has made a clock from 31,000 pieces of wood, comprising over 500 varieties. For the past sixteen years he has had sailors bring him rare woods from every quarter of the globe.

A cutlery factory at Meriden, Conn., recently completed a wonderful toy—a perfect pocket-knife, with thirty blades, pincers, shears, awls, etc., which is said to weigh but one-eighth of an ounce.

A watermelon was on exhibition in the Santa Fe Railroad office in Chicago recently which measured 30 inches in length and weighed 121 pounds. It was grown in San Bernardino county, Cal.

The railroads entering Chicago have given orders for the construction of more than 1500 passenger cars and 400 locomotives, to be delivered prior to May 1, 1893, in anticipation of the increase of business during the World's Fair.

A reckless Biddeford, Me., man devised a scheme for catching trout by wholesale which did not work well. He thought a bomb exploded in the brook would bring all the fish in it to the surface so that he would only have to pick them up. He tried it. His dog jumped after the bomb and was blown to atoms.

The decline in emigration to this country from Ireland, as compared with other European countries, is remarkable. Erin was once far in the lead in this movement; but for the nine months ended September 30 she is credited by the Bureau of Statistics of the Treasury Department with only 45,000 immigrants, against 49,000 from Sweden and Norway, 51,000 each from Italy and Russia, and 95,000 from Germany.

AN OLD-TIME TUNE.

BY W. W. LONG.

To-day I heard an old-time tune
You sang in the past to me, my dear,
When we rambled where roses and lilies bloomed,
Back in the days of that other year.

The words from my memory have slipped away,
But the tune stays with me, a tender one;
A mixture of minors and and sweet,
To the dreamer here in the setting sun.

The past like a vision before me floats,
Back to that year with thee;
And my soul has taken the backward track
To where you sit by the inland sea.

CONCERNING PUNS.

Punning, as what rhetoricians call paronomasia, has been from early times a favorite mode of expression. It was much in use among the Hebrews, and the books of the Old Testament abound in examples; but the point is frequently lost in translating, as a pun can be no more translated than it can be engraven.

The ancient Greek and Roman writers and orators continually indulged in this sort of wit. Homer was not above playing upon words in his Odyssey, and Cicero was an inveterate punster. He seems to have been more ready with them than with repartees.

Isaac Disraeli, in reference to this habit of Cicero's, remarks: "I regret to afford a respectable authority for forensic puns; however, to have degraded his adversaries by such petty personalities only proves that Cicero's tastes were not exquisite."

There were two noted men in the English civil wars, one named Vane and the other Sterry. Baxter, the old divine, mentioning them in one of his works and liking neither, said, that vanity and sterility were never more fitly joined together.

Fuller, the witty church historian, said that Sanders, the libeller of Queen Elizabeth, should be styled "Slanders!" rather.

Queen Elizabeth herself frequently played upon words. In addressing one of her noblemen she says: "Ye be burly, my Lord of Burleigh, but ye shall make less stir in our realm than my Lord of Leicester," (pronounced "Lester").

People find an amusement and interest in any striking agreement or contradiction between a name and the person who owns that name.

Shakespeare shows this knowledge of human nature when he makes old John of Gaunt, wasted by long sickness, play upon his name. When his nephew asks him, "How is it with aged Gaunt," he replies:

"O, how that name befits my composition!
Old Gaunt indeed, and gaunt in being old—
Gaunt am I for the grave, gaunt as the grave."

We find a play on words also in the Merchant of Venice. When Shylock is whetting the knife on his shoes, Gratiano exclaims:

"Not on thy sole, but on thy soul, false Jew!"

When the poet Gay received a goodly sum of money from Rich, the manager, for his "Beggar's Opera," from which the manager also received a large profit, it was said by some one that the "Beggar's Opera" made Gay rich and Rich gay.

A noted punster was once asked, in reference to Carlyle's writings, if he did not like to expatiate in such a field. "No," he replied, "I can't get over the style," (stile).

Nearly all the witty remarks of the famous Lord Chesterfield were puns.

Not unfrequently the pun rises to the dignity of pathetic humor. Hood affords an example of this kind in speaking of a poor seamstress who was embroidering a costly veil. He says: "The sewing woman was sewing, in forma pauperis, upon a veil, which to her was literally a veil of tears."

We all know how the writings of Hood abound in puns. In one of his poems called "An Open Question," he addresses the shade of Kant in this manner:

"Spirit of Kant! have we not had enough
To make religion sad, and sour, and snubbish,
But Saints Zoological must cant their stuff
As vessels cant their ballast—rattling rubbish."

And in speaking of Spring, he says:

"The Spring! I shrink and shudder at her name!
For why, I find her breath a bitter blighter,
And suffer from her blows as if they came
From Spring, the fighter."

Dr. Holmes has a great aversion to puns, but for all that readily falls into the habit of making them. He says, "Homicide and verbicide—that is violent treatment of a word with fatal results to its legitimate meaning which is its life—are alike forbidden. Manslaughter, which is the meaning of one, is the same as man's laughter, which is the meaning of the other," and that a person "may upset a freight train of conversation for the sake of a battered witticism." S. E. OLDEN.

AFFLICTION.—If we look at human afflictions generally, we can see in them sufficient of beneficent purpose, instances numerous enough of good resulting from evil, of effects from causes apparently unlikely to produce them, of the connection of suffering in one aspect with the promotion of happiness in another, to induce us to believe that where we do not observe this there is nevertheless a real good being affected that would, if perceived, be more than sufficient to vindicate this world from the charge of being left to the freaks of chance, or a prey to the savage malignity of a demon. How often does the misery of man in one respect conduce to the benefit of a higher part of his nature, or if not of himself, yet of others, whose good shall far outweigh the suffering that was the means of obtaining it! There are other laws than those of human communities, laws that form the basis of life and of our nature, by the provisions of which it is secured that "no man liveth to himself." Beneath the compensations that we see on every hand, in the blending of the natural qualities of men, in the adjustments of the economic principles of society, may we not, too, believe that there is a subtle connection in virtue, of which the defeat draws with the attendant advantage? So that for ever, as at first, it is a breath of God, which passes over the dark waters of the world.

Grains of Gold.

What shadows we are and what shadows we pursue.

The best preparation for the future is the present well seen to, the last duty done.

Gold that is the price of blood was never yet blessed to him that gave or him who received.

One of the grandest things in having rights is that, being your rights, you may give them up.

Let no man measure by a scale of perfection the meagre product of reality in this poor world of ours.

How soon the millennium would come if the good things people intend to do to-morrow were only done to-day.

Never purchase love or friendship by gifts; when thus obtained, they are lost as soon as you have stopped payments.

Ah, how happy would many lives be if individuals troubled themselves as little about other people's affairs as about their own.

There are many things that are thorns to our hopes until we have attained them, and envenomed arrows to our hearts when we have.

As the sense of hunger presupposes food to satisfy it, so the sense of dependence upon God presupposes his existence and character.

Thoughts there are, that need no embodying, no form, no expression. It is enough to hint at them vaguely; a word, and they are heard and seen.

Better discourage a man's climbing than help him to break his neck. Pigs will never play well on the flute, teach them as long as you like.

I am of the opinion that there is no proverb which is not true, because they are all sentences drawn from experience itself, the mother of all sciences.

Femininities.

The women employes of the Chicago telephone companies are to be attired in black uniforms.

A Tina, Mo., man advertises pasture for turkeys, as he has a large lot of grasshoppers on hand.

A number of the houses in Berlin are numbered with luminous figures, which can be easily observed at night.

"What would you do, Mr. Man, if your wife died?" asked Mrs. D. Mr. M., who is very methodical: "I would bury her."

"I beg a thousand pardons for coming so late." "My dear sir," replied the lady graciously, "no pardons are needed—you can never come too late."

A man who lived near Leavenworth, Kan., is said to have gulped down 21 glasses of whisky in rapid succession a few days ago, and died within a quarter of an hour.

At a recent New York reception the wedding cake of the bride's mother was served. It had been kept for that purpose, wrapped in brandied paper in a tin box.

Maud: "Now, when I am asked to sing, I never say 'Oh, I can't!' but always sit right down at the piano." Mamie: "I presume you let the audience find that out for themselves!"

A new game is to be introduced. It is called eye peeping, and the fun consists in trying to guess the unknown owner of an eye which is shown to the spectators through a hole in the curtain.

A woman's tombstone is the only one in England upon which the epitaph is written in shorthand. If a woman wrote the epitaph it probably had to be put in shorthand to get it all on the tombstone.

A carriage bag is a pretty gift for carriage people. It is made of cloth, lined and wadded, into which the feet are slipped and the mouth drawn up nearly to the knees, insuring comfort on a cold day.

Governor Chase, of Indiana, who is a clergyman, desiring to conduct the wedding ceremony for his niece in Cincinnati a few days ago, found it necessary to take out a minister's license in that city before doing so.

Miss Ethel, aged 4, had retired for the night when her mother asked if she had said her prayers. "No, mamma," was her reply. "I was tired and I asked God to 'scuse me. He said, 'Certainly, Miss Ethel; don't mention it.'"

Considerable sensation has been caused in high Russian circles by the announcement of the recent marriage in the provinces of the Grand Duke Nicholas Nicolaievitch, a cousin of the Czar, with a Mlle. Bouremine, the daughter of a tradesman at Tsarskoe Selo.

Physical Director Stagg—that's what they call him—has decided that the students in the Chicago University shall kick football three times a week for exercise—at least, the young men. The young ladies walk an hour, and take 15 minutes' exercise in the gymnasium.

The untitled American citizen is becoming quite a welcome visitor in Imperial European families. Rev. Dr. Talmage, while in Russia, hobnobs with the Czar and Czarina; and Mr. Steinway, the piano maker, is made to feel quite at home by the Emperor and Empress of Germany.

"Sonny, is your mother at home?" asked the minister, addressing the little boy who was standing at the door. "Yes, she's at home," was the reply, "but she doesn't want to see you. I heard her just tell pa that she hated fools, and that she never saw a man yet that wasn't a fool."

The Queen of Belgium, according to foreign papers, has considerable talent for musical composition, and devotes the greater part of her leisure time to musical study. She improvises often, and when an accidental combination pleases her particularly, preserves it at once by writing it out in notes.

So many delightful women are late in loving, so many are true to some buried love, so many are single from choice and from no neglect of the stronger sex, who have the asking of the question, that to them should be given all the dignity which is supposed to accrue to the married. "It takes a superior woman to be an old maid," said Miss Sedgwick.

"I did not hear of your bereavement, old fellow, until yesterday," observed a man in an elevated train, at New York, to another passenger. "Let me offer you my condolences. I feel terribly sorry for you. It must be an awful affliction to lose one's wife." "Yes," replied the other, "it is certainly very hard on me. Until she died, I did not know for 20 years what it was to put a set of studs in my shirt."

The practice of keeping up an incessant chatter while artistes are performing at private entertainments received a striking rebuke a few evenings since. Madame Sembrich was executing one of her most delicious morceaux before a private audience, when, finding that the interruptions from conversation had exceeded legitimate bounds, she stopped, and the following day returned the fee she had received from her patron. This high-spirited example might often be advantageously imitated.

Masculinities.

Death & Clutch is the name of a Franklin, Ohio, firm.

The proper full dress tie is of linen, and one and a half inches wide.

Learn to think right and you'll not have much trouble about behaving right.

The poorest man is not the one who has the least, but the one who wants the most.

"My boy," said the musician to his son, "don't be too sharp nor yet too flat. Just be natural."

"But, my dear, what has the old man to recommend himself aside from his riches?" "Heart disease."

Patrick Hickey died in Cincinnati lately, and his five sons served at the altar during the funeral.

William P. Boyne, of Green county, Pa., is probably the tallest G. A. R. veteran. He is seven feet in height.

The man who owns a railroad never gets half as much joy out of it as the one who travels on a free pass.

Maxwell Anderson, residing at Scottsburg Station, Ind., died a few days ago from hydrophobia, received from a rat's bite.

James McCormick, of Seymour, Ind., who is reputed to be 100 years of age, claims to have talked with George Washington.

"I hope you will like my friend," he said. "He is a versatile fellow." "I know I shall," she replied; "I simply adore poets."

A man at Mooresville, Mo., had the mainspring of his watch broken by a flash of lightning, and was totally uninjured himself.

A Bethel, Conn., hatter carelessly lighted his pipe near an open tub of wood alcohol. The loss by fire will aggregate $135,000.

An object of much curiosity observed in a music store window at Lynn, Mass., is an ancient Egypt lyre, believed to be more than 3000 years old.

A minister at Hammond, Ind., lately officiated at a wedding and received 50 cents from the groom, for which he was compelled to give a receipt.

There is a young man in Chicago so careful that in calling he always knocks, for fear that if he came with a ring she might consider it a proposal.

A curious breach of promise suit was up for a hearing before a Chicago court lately. Since the case was begun both plaintiff and defendant have married.

"The truth always pays in the end," is a time-honored adage. That is the reason, it is supposed, why people are so chary about resorting to it in the beginning.

Whipper: "Every man is the architect of his own fortune." Snapper: "And most of us are trying to build a million-dollar structure on a fifty-cent design."

Mlle. Pauline, a native of Queensland, Holland, is stated to be the smallest human being in the world. She is nearly 16 years old, is 18 inches in height and weighs seven pounds.

Proud mother: "Yes, my love, it was on this very spot, twenty-one years ago, your father proposed to me." Fair daughter, carried away with interest: "And did you accept him, mamma?"

A correspondent asked if the brow of a hill ever became wrinkled. The editor replied: "The only information we can give on that point is that we have often seen it furrowed with care."

John M. Kingsley, of Lost Creek, Ky., is 72 years old, and, according to him, was married for the sixth time about a year ago. He also asserts that he is the father of 61 children, all but 10 being alive, and all married.

A remarkable marriage occurred recently at Williston, Ohio. The groom, David A. Wade, of Kentucky, was more than 100 years old. The age of the bride, Mrs. Elizabeth Garvin, is, of course, nobody's business but her own; but it has been mentioned that the united ages of the pair amount to 189 years.

It is a popular belief that while the poor man must be careful about his attire, the capitalist may dress as badly as he pleases. Yet a man with $17,000 in bank narrowly escaped a committal for vagrancy in New York the other day. His rugged and filthy clothes were sufficient evidence against him until he exhibited his bank books.

A man went through Platte county, Mo., some weeks ago, and begged of each farmer a few articles of choice productions of the farm. He thus collected a fine assortment of fruits and vegetables, which he exhibited at the county fair as his own raising, and raked in $100 from the fair treasury, besides free admission and plaudits from the press.

A diver at Cardiff nearly lost his life recently in a curious way. He went down on the outside of a vessel to patch a hole which had been plugged. When the plug was removed the water rushed immediately into the opening, drawing in the diver's arm up to the shoulder and holding him tight to the vessel's side. He signaled for help, and another diver was sent for, who released him with difficulty, after he had been in the water an hour and a half.

WHY MOTTOES WERE ADOPTED.—One practice of feudal times has survived the disappearance of most feudal things. It is the custom of using or choosing family and personal mottoes. In America, at least, people who do not inherit a coat-of-arms or a crest are free to adopt one at their pleasure, and to put upon it whatever motto or ensign armorial they choose.

In this country the use of a crest or coat-of-arms upon a seal or at the head of letters is sometimes a matter of honest family pride, and sometimes, beyond a doubt, of pure vanity. There are some Americans who feign an appearance of aristocratic descent by making use of heraldic emblems to which they have no right whatever by inheritance.

But the adoption of an original emblem or motto of one's own, quite regardless of what's ancestors may have been, is entirely a matter of personal taste. Many people make use of such emblems; and the practice, supposing it really to represent personal tastes, preferences, and character, is a pretty one.

Nearly all the ancient mottoes which in the course of time became badges of aristocratic descent had their origin in more whim.

Some of them commemorated an act of firmness or courage which the hero wished to perpetuate in his ensign. A marshal of France, for instance, Bugeaud by name, who had added extensive agricultural operations to his reputation as a soldier, took the device, Ense et aratro; "By the sword and the plough."

Another motto, typical of the old nobility, is upon the crest of the aristocratic family of Uses in France: "By iron, not by gold."

Modern mottoes are sometimes ironical and intentionally humorous. A celebrated singer, M. Capoul, has placed upon his seal the figure of a duck, with the motto, "Quack!"

Satirical mottoes, too, are occasionally bestowed by wits or wags upon other people. A French general, who had been defeated both in Germany and in Italy, found one day that, while he was absent from his house, somebody had decorated his door with an armorial bearing representing a drum, upon which was inscribed this motto: "I am beaten on both sides."

The mottoes chosen by authors are occasionally apt and interesting. The famous poet of Southern France, Mistral, the singer of the "land of the sun," whose works have been beautifully transplanted into English, had for his emblems locust, with these words in the Provencal dialect: Lou soulou me fai canta, "The sun makes me sing."

A motto expressive of worthy sentiment is an excellent thing to have, provided one bears it in mind, and "lives up to it."

COLUMBUS AND HIS REWARD.—Notwithstanding that nowadays the glorious name of the immortal Genoese navigator is on the lips of the many it is in the hearts of the few. He, through whom we now flourish on this new hemisphere, is not given a certain respect, for which he labored at the peril of his life. Even some of his biographers have done their utmost to be-little him. A time may come again as it once did when everything will be denied, unbelieved, even the existence of God. The people of the unknown future may stand up and say that the world, and everything pertaining to it, is only a phenomenon of nature and that there is no supreme power. As time goes by, monuments crumble to dust, bodies moulder in their graves, a veil spreads over the past, which gradually darkens and lastly disappears. With it the memory of the great and of the brave. It is possible that as with ancient Egypt, the now familiar names of Napoleon, Washington, Garibaldi may then be unrecognized, unknown! How have nations rewarded those who have done so much for them? To Galileo, for having discovered the motion of the earth, the rack. To Napoleon, the prison, and to Columbus, for having given a world to the world, chains! The nation which had so generously aided Columbus at first made him die in poverty at last, even feeling the pangs of hunger. But man—man whom God created in his own image—man upon whom God has laid his first, His sole commandment, to love his fellow-creatures—man to whom God has given a voice to express his thoughts—what should be his first thoughts when he hears that a fellow-man has done so much for their sake, even suffer death? Honor the great—the masterpiece of nature—the king of creation!

P. F.

A cough needs quick and effective treatment, Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup furnishes this.

THINK FOR YOURSELF.—Don't believe even half of what you read. Don't believe anything as regards thought, opinion, or assertion till you've run it through the mill of your own judgment and seen if it emerges without a flaw. Remember that a book is generally one man's talk on paper. Remember that his conclusions and deductions are often based on other men's statements which time may prove partly or wholly wrong. Remember that it is as easy to err with the pen as with the tongue. Remember that for two men to give the same account of the event of which both are witnesses, is extremely rare. Remember that no conscientious scribe can read what he wrote twenty-five years ago without finding many opinions and assertions which will make him squirm and feel like hunting for a hole to hide his head in. Remember that the man, be he writer, or not, who all his days sticks to one opinion, simply, because it is his opinion, ceases to grow intellectually, and imprisons himself in his dogmatism. Remember that the man who is searching for the truth must give up his mistaken convictions, no matter how dear they may be to him, or how sorely it may hurt his pride to own up that he has been mistaken.

ALWAYS LUCKY.—A belief in luck is injurious to the believer. The notion of a natural order of events, followed regardless of persons, substitutes for the illusion of luck the truth of a more coincidence between what we like and what results. Such favorite coincidences when not read aright have wrecked the lives of some men who might otherwise have developed useful powers. A careful study of such a fortunate turn of events reveals some unpleasant but irresistible facts—that a sustained favorite coincidence is very rare and likely to be of doubtful permanent value, because there is not a proper development of personal quality whereby no injury will result from prosperity. The fortunate person tries to swim in a sea of new conditions which he has not reached by a natural process of growth. The phrase "always lucky" is open to two objections not easily set aside, owing to the profound complexity of events; that the person may have skill, tact, agreeableness; and that there may be error, owing to the special or restricted view of the person judging. Belief in luck is directly and practically objectionable, because it leads to submission in matters requiring action.

THE OLDEST TOWN IN THE UNITED STATES.—The oldest town in Texas, and it is believed in the United States, is Ysleta, situated on the Rio Grande, and near El Paso, the chief town in the county of that name. It has a population of 2,500 souls. The place is one of peculiar interest alike from its age, its people, its architecture, its agriculture, and its general products. It is a well-established historical fact that a Spanish military explorer named Corando visited the town in 1540, and found it then a populous and prosperous civilized Indian community. He was immediately followed by the Franciscan friars, who erected a church and established schools. Ysleta is believed to have been a considerable centre of population centuries before the visit of Corando. It is not a little curious, considering the advance of civilization from Europe, that the same race of people exist in the town today as existed 350 years ago, and that they are engaged in the same agricultural and mechanical pursuits as their forefathers at that period and for ages preceding.

THE CAT NATURE.—The cat's spirit of independence, indeed, is the most distinct characteristic of her nature. As Mme. de Custine rightly said, the cat's great difference from, and, according to her sentiments, superiority to the dog, lies in her calm insistence on selection which invariably accompanies her apparent docility. To the dog proprietorship is masterships; he knows his home, and he recognizes without question the man who has paid for, feeds, and, on occasion, kicks him with all the easy familiarity of ownership. He follows that man undoubting and unnoticed, grateful for a word, even thankful for an oath. But the cat is a creature of a very different stamp. She will not even stoop to conquer, nor be tempted out of her nature by offers of reward. She absolutely declines instruction; nay, even persuasion is lost upon her for any permanent effect it may be designed to have. You may be the legal possessor of a cat, but you cannot govern her affections.

EVERY penny tells.—You can get Salvation Oil for 25 cents. Best liniment in the market.

TWO GRAND SOUVENIRS
FOR OUR SUBSCRIBERS!

CHARMING! BEAUTIFUL!

Columbus at the Court of Ferdinand and Isabella

ORIGINAL OWNED BY THE METROPOLITAN MUSEUM OF ART, N. Y.

In 1492 the life of Columbus became associated with our western world, and one of the events which led to the discovery of the New World is portrayed in this great painting. The original was painted by Vaclav Brozik. It is recognized as the great pictorial history of the signing of the contract between Columbus and Ferdinand and Isabella by which the means were furnished to enable him to discover the New World.

The moment chosen by this artist is the beginning of American History. Ferdinand and Isabella are seen upon the dual throne of Spain. Columbus is in the foreground presenting his claims before the royal power. The contract is upon the table, and Ferdinand with pen in hand is hesitating when Isabella exclaims "I undertake this enterprise for my own crown and pledge my jewels to raise the necessary funds." There are 30 figures in the picture many of them being portraits and the scene is in the throne chamber.

The rich, gorgeous coloring of the toilets of the assembled court, combined with graceful pose, technical skill and rare imaginative power, make this picture pre-eminently one of the best Art Works yet issued to the public.

THE LANDING OF COLUMBUS.

ORIGINAL IN THE ROTUNDA OF THE CAPITOL AT WASHINGTON.

The original of this picture has been for many years the great attraction in the rotunda of the Capitol at Washington. It was painted by Vanderlyn and has the same soft mellow tone that time has given to the old masters. It is familiar to all who have visited the Capitol.

In the offing are seen the "Santa Maria," "Pinta," and "Nina." Columbus and his followers are in the foreground clothed with all the splendor of polished armor, purple and gold, while behind this group is seen the Cross borne aloft by chanting monks. On the left of the picture, are seen the natives in their nude simplicity, paying homage to the white men whom they suppose have descended from heaven.

It is most fortunate that this early painting has been carefully preserved by the U. S. Government. There are very few Columbian relics remaining and in the World's Columbian Exposition which is about to be celebrated, the event portrayed in this painting is to be re-enacted on our shores.

The Spanish and United States Governments propose to build a new, "Santa Maria," "Nina" and "Pinta" and sail into the harbor of New York and thence to Chicago by the way of the canals and Great Lakes. They will be fitted out in every particular like their great prototypes four-hundred years ago, and will have on board Spaniards in the costumes exactly copied from those seen in this wonderful Picture.

These Pictures which we offer (size 21x28 inches each) are in beautiful colors, printed on the thickest canvas paper and have the appearance of Oil Paintings, and certainly far surpass anything ever offered in this line.

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Recent Book Issues.

"Playthings and Parodies," by Barry Bain, is a bright, entertaining book of little bits, humorous, witty and sentimental. They are marked by a fresh original manner and are as breezy and rich as a pleasant autumn day. They treat of matters of literature, social life, authority, eminent persons, etc., and all in such a good-natured, charming and fitting style that no words of praise can exalt them too highly. Published, in grand print and binding, by Cassell & Co., New York.

"With Columbus in America," by C. Falkenhorst, is an historical novel that wraps up a charming love story with the discovery of this country. It is faithful to and vivid with fact in the main historical details of the event on both sides of the ocean. Its great merit is that it enables anyone anxious to read an interesting romance to at the same time learn the incidents attending and the characters engaged in the great work of the Spanish navigator. Published by Worthington Co., New York.

FRESH PERIODICALS.

"More Kith Than Kin," by Marion Harland is the complete novel in the November Lippincott. The other contents are of the usual high character.

"Wide Awake" for November is full of fine articles and some of them are illustrated with a fulness and beauty that make the magazine a combined library and art gallery. Published at Boston.

"The Magazine of American History" seems to become richer in information, and more valuable the older it gets. The November number is a very store-house of historical lore. Published at New York.

"The Eclectic" for November is now out. For one wishing to keep up with the best thought of the great minds of the world as given to the leading magazines, this publication fills all requirements. Published at New York.

"The Century Magazine" for November is a perfect treasury of splendid reading matter and beautiful engravings. There is no monthly publication published in any language that combines at one more art, refinement and literary strength than the "Century." Published at New York.

CIRCUMSTANCES.—Lewes, in his life of Goethe, says, "Instead of saying that man is the creature of circumstances, it would be nearer the mark to say that man is the architect of circumstances." Our strength is measured by our plastic power. It is said, that when John C. Calhoun was in Yale College he was ridiculed by his fellow students, for his application to study. "Why," he replied, "I am forced to make the most of my time, that I may acquit myself creditably in Congress. Do you doubt it? I assure you, if I were not convinced of my ability to reach the national capital as a representative within the next three years, I would leave college this very day." When there is a will there is a way, but the smaller and easier the way is, the less that is durable and substantial can be accomplished. The difficulties and obstacles we encounter on the road to fortune and fame are positive blessings, and nerve us to undertake what seems impossible to overcome. All difficulties come to us, as Bunyan says of temptation, like the lion which met Samson; the first time we encounter them they roar and gnash their teeth, but, when once subdued, we find a nest of honey in them. Toil is the very element in which power is developed. Pythagoras said ability and necessity dwell near each other. Carlyle says "He who has battled, were it only with poverty and hard toil, will be found stronger and more expert than he who could stay at home from the battle." Lord Palmerston said, "Let us wait and look ahead." But to wait and look ahead we must have what Carlyle calls "the seeing eye." W. G. I.

DISPOSING OF THE CASE.—There is an impression that judgments akin to those of Solomon are only given in the East, but it is evident that a judicial cleverness like that of the Israel is also to be found in the West. A story is told of two old farmers who bought an old-fashioned pair of steelyards. Each paid a part of the cost, and used them whenever he wished to weigh his produce for market.

After a time a dispute arose, and each claimed the ownership of the steelyards. The matter was carried into court, and the jury disagreed. Then the case, on some technicality, was sent to the law court, and was again sent back for trial.

The costs, up to this point, had reached about five hundred dollars, about a hundred times the price of the steelyards themselves.

When the case came up again, Chief Justice Peters was the presiding justice. He told the counsel that if the case were carried further, the costs would be increased to such an extent that one or the other of the parties would lose his farm in order to pay. He advised them to enter it "Neither party," and divide the costs. After a consultation the parties owned themselves willing to do that, and it looked as though the case would be settled. Suddenly, however, one of the contestants rose, went over to his counsel in the court room, and asked—

"But who is going to get the steelyards? He shan't have them."

The other contestant made the same declaration.

Then the counsel rose, and said that the case was just where it stood before any talk of settlement had been made. They were willing to stop litigation, and divide the costs, but what could be done with the steelyards?"

"I'll fix that," said Judge Peters. "Let the sheriff of the county take the steelyards at night, and go down and throw them in the middle of the river, letting nobody know the exact spot, so that they can never be recovered.

The contestants agreed to this proposition, each paid his proportionate share of the costs, and the case was dropped.

"THERE is no possibility of disguising the truth any longer," says the Paris correspondent of a London journal, "the vineyards of Champagne are doomed. In spite of the energetic measures which were taken last year when it was discovered that the terrible phylloxera had appeared on the outskirts of the chalky unpicturesque region, of which the principal towns are Rheims and Epernay, it has now shown itself almost simultaneously in various parts of the champagne country. Growers there are fully alive to the significance of the visitation, and have adopted the most vigorous measures. All sick vines will be rooted up and burned, and in their place will be planted American vines, which alone seem to be capable of resisting the plague. There is little hope that any of the older vines will be saved. This is said to be the conviction of all the most experienced cultivators."

HALIFAX, N. S., sent to Sable Island, N. S., some time ago, a number of cats to destroy the rats, which were killing the rabbits. The cats, tiring of destroying rats, played sad havoc among the rabbits, and at last, becoming very numerous, a number of foxes were sent to drive the cats out. The foxes not only killed the cats, but all the young birds. This fact has been brought to the notice of the Government, with a view to having the foxes cleared off the island.

ADVICE TO DYSPEPTICS.

CONTENTS: Dyspepsia and its causes. Experience of a sufferer. Liver complaint a twin disorder. Constipation a result of dyspepsia. Food to be taken. Food to be avoided. Mailed free to any address. John H. McAlvin, Lowell, Mass., 14 years City Treas.

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A fine 18k gold plated watch to every reader of this paper. Cut this out and send it to us with your full name and address, and we will send you one of these elegant, richly jeweled gold finished watches by express for examination, and if you think it is equal in appearance to any $25.00 gold watch, pay our sample price, $4.50, and it's yours. We send with the watch our guarantee that you can return it at any time within one year if not satisfactory, and if you will or assist the sale of six we will give you One Free. Write at once as we shall send out samples for sixty days only.

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No. 3. From ear to ear over the top.	No. 3. Over the crown of the head.
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This preparation has been manufactured and sold at Dollard's for the past fifty years, and its merits are such that, while it has never yet been advertised, the demand for it keeps steadily increasing.

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MRS. EDMONDSON GORTER,
Oak Lodge Thorpe,
Nov., 28, '88. Norwich, Norfolk, England.

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I have used "Dollard's Herbanium Extract," of Vegetable Hair Wash," regularly for upwards of five years with great advantage. My hair, from rapidly thinning, was early restored, and has been kept by it in its wonted thickness and strength. It is the best wash I have ever used.

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I have frequently, during a number of years, used the "Dollard's Herbanium Extract," and I do not know of any which equals it as a pleasant, refreshing and healthful cleanser of the hair.

Very respectfully,
LEONARD MYERS,
Ex-Member of Congress, 5th District.

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A cure for Piles, External, Internal, Blind, Bleeding, and Itching. Chronic, Recent, or Hereditary. This remedy has positively never been known to fail. $1 a box, six for $5, by mail. A written guarantee given with six boxes, when purchased at one time, to refund the $5 if not cured. Guarantee issued by FINNERTY, McCLURE & CO., Wholesale and Retail Agents, 136 Market Street, Philadelphia, Penna.

ABOUT GIRLS Rare book, 100 pages. Richly Illustrated. Leaves, 50c. Globe Book Co., Chicago, Ill.

YOUR FUTURE REVEALED. Written prediction of your life, 50c. Give date of birth. Astrologer, Box 926, Kansas City, Mo.

Weak Men INSTANT RELIEF. Cure in 15 days; never returns. I will send (sealed) FREE to my fellow-sufferers a prescription to enlarge small weak organs. A sure cure for Emissions, Lost Manhood, Nervous Debility, Varicocele, etc. Address, with stamp, L. S. Franklin, Music Dealer, Marshall, Mich.

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Epidemic Cholera and Consumption.

The current (SEPTEMBER) number of THE MEDICAL TRIBUNE,

published in this city under the caption of "Epidemic Cholera," speaking of its appropriate treatment, concludes as follows: "In addition to these remedies I would strongly recommend the early, free, and persistent inhalation of Bi-ozone, as well as the internal use of Peroxide of Hydrogen. Ozone, if introduced into the system, will destroy these germs, whether in the lungs or in the stomach, and with an increased oxidation of the blood the circulation is equalized AND COLLAPSE PREVENTED."

The same issue also has the following article from the pen of its editor, an eminent medical writer and practitioner:

"BI-OZONE as a REMEDIAL AGENT."

"Imperfect oxidation always results in the accumulation of effete material which is deposited in various organs and tissues of the body and thus gives rise to a variety of diseases. To correct such defects the profession have long endeavored to find some means by which oxygen could be introduced into the system so as to oxidize these deposits and thus remove the cause of disease.

"At one time chemical agents, rich in oxygen, were freely administered. Again, oxygen gas by inhalation was proposed. In some few instances air-tight rooms were constructed and air forced into them until a pressure of two atmospheres was secured. Patients were then placed in these rooms for a specified time with the view of obtaining an increased supply of oxygen by inhaling this compressed air. None of these methods, however, have proved satisfactory and imperfect oxidation of the blood has been one of the great difficulties with which medical men have had to contend.

"Various preparations of peroxide of hydrogen have been introduced to the profession, and all of them have been valuable acquisitions to the therapeutic art; but it has remained for Mr. N. Helmer to give us his bi-ozone treatment, which makes it possible for the patient to inhale ozone directly into the lungs as often as it may be necessary to do so. His method is a simple one, and from our personal experience we believe it the most efficacious that has yet been devised. He supplies a superior peroxide of hydrogen, a quantity of which is heated with water, and to this is added another chemical agent which sets the oxygen free for immediate inhalation. The chemical action which thus takes place sets free a gas which the usual tests prove to be ozone.

"The inhalation of this ozone serves a valuable purpose in oxidizing the blood, as it is carried directly into the lungs, and from thence to the red blood corpuscles. It is also claimed that the internal use of this peroxide of hydrogen is followed by the setting free of the ozone in the stomach and its absorption by the blood vessels.

"Our attention was first called to the Bi-ozone treatment some months ago, and we gave it a thorough test in the case of our cook, who has been for some time suffering from phthisis. There was a deposit in the upper part of both lungs, her cough was persistent, and for over two months she had profuse night sweats. She had become so weak that she could not go up one flight of stairs without stopping to rest on the way. We commenced giving her the Bi-ozone treatment, and within a month's time her cough had materially diminished, the night sweats had entirely disappeared, and she had so far recovered her strength as to be able to attend to her usual duties and go up three flights of stairs without shortness of breath or fatigue. In addition to the inhalation she took thirty drops of the peroxide of hydrogen by the stomach an hour after each meal. She continued this treatment for about four months, at which time she was apparently well. At the present writing, which is seven months after the beginning of the treatment, she has no cough, her appetite and strength are both normal, and the deposit in the right lung has entirely disappeared, while there is only a very slight dulness at the apex of the left lung.

Whether we accept the theory that consumption is due to the presence of bacilli in the lungs, or that of deposits of tubercular matter, the success of the treatment can be accounted for on rational grounds. The ozone or allotropic oxygen, when taken directly into the lungs by inhalation, destroys the bacilli, thus curing the disease, and also oxidizes the tubercular matter and thus causes its elimination.

"We are experimenting in other directions, and believe that in the Bi-ozone we have a remedy that will prove a valuable agent in the treatment of all conditions in which there is a deficient oxidation or imperfect nutrition."

Helmer's Bi-Ozone Cure

N. HELMER, Chemist, 821 Broadway, Southeast Corner 12th Street, New York City.

BROOKLYN OFFICE: Dr. S. SILSBEE, N. W. cor 5th Avenue and 17th Street.

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Humorous.

HE AND SHE.

'Twas plain to see he loved her well,
He loved her more than tongues can tell;
He sought her every hour!

And though she hated him the while,
She lavished every art and wile
To get him in her power.

And he was agile, dark as night,
While she was languid, plump and white,
As sweet as sweet could be.

Though she despised the little wretch,
Yet, woman-like, she tried to catch
Him, for he was a flea.

—U. N. Noss.

Well Protected.

Gus: "Why, hello, Phil, what're you doin' with that suit of armor on?"

Phil: "I'm goin' to sing 'Comrades' to-night at a concert!"

A little bit—the pony's.

"Workin' now, Pete?" "Naw; I'se doin' a job aroun' the Public Buildings."

Why ought meat to be only half-cooked?—Because what is done cannot be helped.

After all, the best amateur actor is the man who pretends really to enjoy a piano recital.

Coasting is very exciting sport, but, like some other amusements, it has its drawbacks.

Husband: "Didn't you promise to obey me at the altar?" Wife: "Yes; but we're not there now!"

Druggist's bell rings violently at 2 A. M. Druggist: "Well?" Angry voice yells back: "No, you idiot—fill!"

The chorus girl and the bank note are alike, inasmuch as they are all prized according to their figures or face value.

An up-town shoemaker has a card in his window reading: "Any respectable man, woman or child can have a fit in this store."

"Named your boy John after yourself, Mr. Barrows?" "No, Mrs. Tomson. We have named him James after a prolonged family row."

"It is well to leave something for those who come after us," as the man said who threw a barrel in the way of a constable who was chasing him.

Mr. Toothandnail: "I can't imagine what we ever got married for; we're totally different at every point." Mrs. Toothandnail: "Oh, you flatterer!"

Blinks: I hear the cabmen are going to strike for shorter hours. Minks, who sometimes rides: Why, goodness me, their hours are not over 60 minutes long now!

She, at the theatre: "What a long, stagy stride Mr. Ham, the tragedian, has." He: "Yes; I understand he has acquired that gait by traveling on every other tie."

Mr. Fussy: "My dear, I can't see why you are always holding up your skirt with one hand." Mrs. Fussy, sweetly: "Because I have no trouser pocket to stuff my hand into."

Near-sighted hens are not so bad after all. Jones said he had one once that ate a quart of sawdust, supposing it was meal, and then went off and laid a nestful of door knobs. But Jones is near-sighted himself.

Pat Murphy: "Plase, sor, I want to sign my name to git a pinshin."

Pension Agent: "Upon what grounds do you base your claim?"

"Plase, sor, I jumped the bounty twicet, and the last time I broke me lig, and I've had throuble wid it iver since."

Judge B., with emphasis: "Clara, is that fellow George coming round here again to-night?"

Clara, hopelessly: "I believe so, papa."

"Well, daughter, remember that this house closes at 10 sharp, and——"

"Oh, George will be here before that, papa; please don't worry."

LATEST FASHION PHASES.

There is no use trying to have a dress in style that has not top heavy sleeves. They do not, it is true, quite hide the ears now, but they must be arranged so as to give the fair wearer the appearance of broadness across the shoulder. They are more comfortable than the skintight coat sleeve of a couple of years ago, and they can be made so as to give grace and distinction to a toilet.

Note the varieties in the illustration, and they are only four, while certainly I saw fifty different shapes in as many minutes Saturday. The lower left has a flare at the wrist, which comes down well over the hand, and by the way, this mode makes the hands look very small. That on the right has three plaits down the forearm, held by rosettes of ribbon to match the moire of the sleeve. The upper right has under sleeve of plain goods, with a lace cap, though other goods could be used by scalloping or otherwise trimming it. The upper left one is a very useful and easily made style of sleeve and is much liked for home dresses. Short sleeves are puffed, usually balloon style, and often are left open on the front part and fastened lightly with bows of ribbon or jewels.

A pretty berthe is made of white lace and chiffon. The shape is like a long collar, with a frill of deep lace all around it and a puffing of chiffon. Around the part that comes next the neck is a puffed draping of chiffon, ending in a full chou of chiffon. On the shoulders are windmill bows of satin ribbon, either white or in a light tint to match a costume. This berthe will make the plainest gown into a tasteful and dressy costume for a festal occasion if the gown is turned in V shape, leaving the neck slightly exposed, and it is of course transferable. There could also be two or three sets of ribbons to give variety. Those that stand upward have a stiffening made of what is called capwire.

NEW SLEEVE AND DAINTY BERTHE.

Speaking of stiffened bows recalls a funny little thing that happened the last night that Joe Jefferson played "Rip Van Winkle" in New York. There was a splendid audience, including Mr. and Mrs. Cleveland and all the "best" people, and they were dressed beautifully. Two young girls, modest and perfectly ladylike, sat near me, and they both had large felt hats, one with a fluff of plumes and the other with three enormous loops of ribbon standing up in such a way as to completely cut off all view of the stage from those behind her. After awhile, when patience really ceased to be a virtue and the two girls were intent on the play, I saw a neatly gloved hand reach out and take hold of one loop, and by a deft touch bent the wires so that it lay flat. Another light movement and another fell, and when the last was laid low the people about could not help laughing and clapping their hands, and so did the two girls, who never knew that the hat had been touched.

I noticed that the most refined and best dressed ladies all wore close little bonnets. A particularly charming one was of salmon pink velvet twisted around on the flat crown so that it looked like a cake as it is being stirred in a bowl. The brim was of black velvet, and there were two pretty full rosettes of quilled ribbon of the shade of the crown.

Mrs. Cleveland wore a black silk of some kind, with high puffed sleeves studded with burnished steel spangles. It was high in the neck, and she wore a black velvet and lace close bonnet with a little bunch of white and pink chrysanthemums in front. Her wrap was long, somewhat of a circular shape, and lined with pink satin. What the outside was I cannot say but it looked like black brocaded cashmere. Mr. Cleveland wore a dark moustache and a pleased smile.

I have almost forgotten to speak of a lovely party dress for a young debutante, made of cream bengaline and trimmed in a most unique style, with a bordering and fringe made of cream satin ribbon rosettes and ends, each end bearing two small bows. The draping of the waist into a shawl across the front is very graceful and girlish. How many million yards of ribbon it needs I cannot say, but nothing could look prettier than it did, and it is so very novel.

Odds and Ends.

POINTS OF INTEREST ON VARIOUS SUBJECTS.

A unique divan is the result of an original woman's fancy. It is in the shape of a graceful boat, with dull crimson curtains piled high through the centre, and forming the coziest of lounging places. The crimson rudder lines control an electric lamp at the prow held in the hand of a sea maiden, which when glowing falls gracefully upon the book of any lounger who secures this pleasant nook, and is easily extinguished when two people are exchanging confidences in the shadow of the palms which conceal its occupants.

The sash curtains of fashionable houses present interesting studies in an old lace just now, all the patterns of old Venetian point, Florentine designs, and Louis XIV. varieties, besides beautiful examples of old cut work, that link between lace and embroidery, appearing at the windows of the mansions in the fashionable quarter. Still, when a succession of these windows with their elaborate curtains is interrupted by a house where the sashes are hung with folds of sheer white muslin, with fluted or scalloped ruffles, it is this house that is remembered mostly pleasantly.

Now that leather forms so important an element of decorative work, the economical woman will, in her day and generation, save up her old gloves of all light tints, because she knows that by ripping the wrists and washing them in gasoline she can make the daintiest card cases, book covers, photograph cases and tobacco pouches in the list. It only needs a few stitches by the clever needle woman, a few strokes of the brush by the skilled artist, to transform the cast-off glove into a thing of beauty, if not a joy forever. And there might be some one foolish enough to care all the more for the gift you present because it was made of the glove. It was for a woman's glove that the lover in the poem risked his life in the lion's cage and it has been a woman's glove that many a knight has bound upon his spear for a talisman in the lists of honor and glory.

A novel and pretty way in which ices can be served is in imitation of a dish of walnuts, pineapple ice serving for the meats and coffee cream doing duty as the shells. Still another walnut effect was seen at a small supper recently. A plate of bon bons, creamed walnuts apparently, was handed around with the usual little silver tongs to pick them out. The surprise of the guests was great to discover that the white centre was lemon ice and the meats wonderful imitations in coffee cream.

A Pompeian lamp in old silver, bronze or brass is a highly esteemed addition to one's store of bric-a-brac and does duty in the hall, or in some "corner effect" in the parlor.

Small triangular tables seen lately in a furniture store are reminders that the season of dinners is once more approaching. These three-pointed tables are rather new, though they have been seen at occasional dinners in the past two seasons. Their advantage is to bring the host and hostess in closer communion with their guests, but this is almost overbalanced by their lessened opportunity for effective decoration. A round table still remains the ideal shape for a graceful display of the dinner service, and it is likely to hold its place indefinitely. King Arthur knew a thing or two when he and his knights selected this board for immortalization.

Vegetable Soup.—One bunch of celery, one pint of stewed tomatoes, one onion, three carrots, four turnips, a little salt. Chop all the vegetables, except the tomatoes, very finely, and place them in the pot over the fire, with about three quarts and one pint of hot water. Let them cook slowly about an hour, then stir in the tomatoes, and boil about half an hour longer; remove from the fire, and rub the mixture through a colander, then return the soup to the fire. Now stir in a tablespoonful of butter and half a cup of milk mixed with it. Let the soup boil up once, and it will be ready for the table.

RAILROADS.

PHILADELPHIA AND READING R. R.
IN EFFECT SEPTEMBER 21, 1887.
DEPOT NINTH AND GREEN STREETS.
Williamsport Fast Day Line—3.35 a m week-days.
Buffalo Day Express—9.00 a m daily.
New England Day Express—10.00 a m week-days.
Easton Express—3.45 p m week-days.
New England Night Express—6.45 p m (24th and Chestnuts sts., 5.20 p m) daily.
Buffalo Night Line—8.30 p m daily.
Williamsport Night Express—11.30 p m daily.
FOR BOSTON, via Poughkeepsie Bridge. New England Day Express (Pullman Buffet Parlor Car) leaves Ninth and Green streets at 10.00 a m week-days and New England Night Express (Pullman Buffet Sleeping Car) leaves Twenty-fourth and Chestnut streets at 6.20 p m, and Ninth and Green streets at 6.45 p m every day.
BUFFALO, NIAGARA FALLS AND CHICAGO, 9.00 a m and 8.30 p m daily. The 9.00 a m train has parlor cars, and the 8.30 p m train sleeping cars to Buffalo. FOR BETHLEHEM, EASTON AND POINTS IN LEHIGH AND WYOMING VALLEYS, 6.15, 8.00, 9.00, 10.00 a m, 12.05 noon, 2.00, 3.45, 4.30, 5.30, 6.45, 8.30 p m, and Bethlehem only 10.20 p m. Sundays, 8.30, 9.25, 9.30 a m, 6.45 and 8.30 p m, and Bethlehem only 8.35 a m.
8.30 a m Express for Reading, Pottsville, Allentown, Harrisburg, Gettysburg, Carlisle, Shippensburg, Williamsport and Colebrookdale Branch.
9.10 a m for Reading and way points.
11.02 a m for Pottstown and Barto.
1.35 p m for Reading, Pottsville, Harrisburg and Branch Roads.
4.35 p m for Reading and Branch Roads.
11.30 p m daily Sleeping car line to Pottsville, Shamokin, Williamsport. Connects for Lock Haven and Clearfield, except train leaving Philadelphia Saturday night.
SUNDAYS—9.05 a m Express for Reading, Pottsville, Harrisburg, Shamokin and Williamsport.
11.45 a m for Pottstown and Barto.
2.40 p m—Pottsville, Harrisburg, Byers, Barto and Allentown.
11.30 p m—Sleeping Car Line. Pottsville, Shamokin, Williamsport and Beech Creek Railroad.

FOR NEW YORK.

ROYAL BLUE LINE.

Leave Twenty-fourth and Chestnut streets—4.30, 8.20, 9.20, 11.45 a m, 12.37 (dining car), 2.30, 6.20, 8.18 (dining car), p m. Sundays, 4.00, 9.35 11.45 a m, 12.37 (dining car), 2.30, 6.20, 8.18 (dining car) p m.
Leave Ninth and Green streets—7.30 (Pioneer two-hour fast line), 8.30, 9.30 a m, 1.30, 4.01, 5.15, 5.45 p m, 12.01 night. Sundays, 8.00, 10.00 a m, 5.15 p m, 12.01 night. And for Trenton, week-days, in addition to above, 2.20, 3.25, 5.45, 6.25 11.15 p m. Sundays, 9.15 a m, 5.30, 10.15 p m. Bound Brook, week-days, 4.31 p m.
Close connections for New York are made at Wayne Junction with trains from Twenty-fourth and Chestnut streets by local trains leaving Ninth and Green at 11.55 a m, 12.45, 3.10, 6.15, 8.02 p m. Sundays, 10.30 a m, 12.45, 3.15, 8.10, 8 p m.
Leave New York, foot of Liberty street, 4.00, 7.45, 9.00, 10.00, 11.30 a m, 1.30, 2.15, 3.30, 4.00, 5.00, 6.00 7.30, 8.45 p m, 12.15 night. Sundays, 8.30, 9.00, 10.30, 11.30 a m, 1.30, 3.30, 5.00, 6.00, 9.00 p m, 12.15 night.
Parlor cars on all day express trains and sleeping cars on night train to and from New York.

DEPOT THIRTEENTH AND CALLOWHILL STREETS.

4.10 a m for Reading, Barto, Harrisburg, Pottsville, Allentown, Shamokin and Williamsport.
7.40 a m for Reading, Pottsville, Chester Valley, Pickering Valley and Perkiomen Roads.
10 a m for Reading, Harrisburg, Gettysburg, Carlisle, Shippensburg, Lancaster, Pottsville, Shamokin, Bloomsburg, Danville and Williamsport.
12.40 p m for Pottstown, Barto and Reading.
1.40 p m for Reading, Pottsville, Harrisburg, Chester Valley, Pickering Valley, Colebrookdale and Perkiomen Roads.
4 p m for Reading, Pottsville, Allentown, Harrisburg, Gettysburg, Shamokin and Williamsport.
5.20 p m for Reading and Pottsville.
6 p m for Harrisburg, Pottsville, Shamokin, Bloomsburg, Danville and Milton.
7.15 p m for Reading and Harrisburg.
SUNDAYS—4 a m for Reading, Pottsville, Shamokin, Harrisburg and Gettysburg.
8.30 a m for Reading, Pottsville, Harrisburg and Allentown.
8.55 a m for Reading and Downingtown.
5.30 p m for Reading, Pottsville and Chester Valley Railroad.
7.45 p m for Reading and Harrisburg.

FOR ATLANTIC CITY.

Leave Chestnut Street and South Street Wharves, Week-days—Express, 9.00 a m, 2.00, 4.00, 5.00 p m. Accommodation, 8.00 a m, 5.45 p m. Sunday—Express, 9.00 a m. Accommodation, 8.00 a m, 4.30 p m.
Returning, leave Atlantic City, week-days—Express, 7.00, 7.45, 9.00 a m, 4.00 p m. Accommodation, 8.10 a m, 4.30 p m. Sunday—Express, 4.00 p m. Accommodation, 7.30 a m, 4.30 p m.
Parlor cars on all express trains.
Brigantine week-days, 8 a m, 3.45 p m. Returning, 7.35 a m, 3.25 p m.
Williamstown, Glassboro and Mullica Hill, 8.30, 11.00 a m, 4.30, 5.45 p m. Sundays, 4.00 a m, 4.30 p m.
Clementon, 6.00 8.00 8.20, 11.00 a m, 3.00, 4.30, 5.45, 6.30, 7.30, 11.30 p m. Sundays, 8 a m, 1.45, 4.30 p m.
Blackwood and Glendoch, 6.30, 9.15, 11.30 a m, 2.30, 4.45, 6.30 p m, and 11.30 p m on Thursdays and Saturdays only. Sundays, 6.30, 8 a m, 4.45, 6.30 p m.
For Lakewood, Vineland, Bridgeton, points on Maurice River Railroad, 8 a m, 4 p m.
Detailed time tables at ticket offices, northeast corner Broad and Chestnut, 832 Chestnut street, and South Third street, and 1308 South Fortieth street, West Philadelphia, and at the depots.
Reading Railroad Transfer and Cab Service, Passengers and baggage promptly conveyed.
Philadelphia Telephone, No. 1967.
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